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### CHRONICLE.

**The Home Rule Bill.** THE second Home Rule Bill was distributed this day week, and the country was put in a better position for judging it than could be gained from Mr. GLADSTONE'S necessarily partial summary. We do not believe that, whatever party exigencies may have required in the way of speech and writing, there was the least difference between intelligent men as to its general unworkableness. With Mr. GLADSTONE to sketch out a paper Union of hearts, with Mr. BRYCE to insert all sorts of academic safeguards, copied in alien material from his beloved American Constitution, and with the Irish leaders (who, to do them justice, are practical men) to take care that these safeguards shall keep nothing safe—there could be little doubt of the nature of the product. But it has, on the whole, surpassed expectation in mischievous folly or treacherous mischief. No time has been lost in drawing attention to the evidences of this in detail, and in particular a valuable contribution was made early in this week by a correspondent of the *Times*, who pointed out the manner in which the proposed "Imperial" constituencies are gerrymandered in the interests of the Nationalists.

**In Parliament.** Yesterday week the House of Lords busied itself with colonial subjects. In the House of Commons the Home Rule Bill was read a first time, after a fourth night's debate, which excelled all its forerunners in sustained interest. Mr. MORLEY'S final reply must, indeed, have seemed to Gladstonians with their eyes open, as well as to Unionists, of almost incredible feebleness. But the Nationalist speech of Mr. EDWARD BLAKE, though rather empty rhetorical and scarcely more effective as a defence of the measure than Mr. MORLEY'S, was of considerable interest. Granting the general assumption with which it started, it may be said to have very fairly justified the speaker's colonial reputation. Unfortunately, the assumption, put briefly, was this. The Imperial Government will never interfere, and the Imperial or Viceregal veto will never be exercised, because the Irish Parliament will always behave perfectly well, and will never give the slightest reason for interference or prohibition. Pretty; but not quite reassuring. On the other side, Mr. COURTNEY,

an extremely candid friend of Unionism, who has sometimes been thought to be meditating transformation into an equally candid foe, condemned the Bill in the most unhesitating fashion. And the speeches of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. GOSCHEN were quite of the first class, taking the character of a first reading debate into consideration. We should like to see them, with Mr. BALFOUR'S and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S, printed together in pamphlet form as a popular preliminary exposure to the country of perhaps the most preposterous legislative proposal ever set before it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN devoted himself chiefly to the conflict of Irish and Imperial jurisdiction, and to its probable results in war and other times of trial; Mr. GOSCHEN chiefly to the financial aspect of the scheme. But neither confined himself to any special part, and the two speeches, like the former pair, were at once happily complementary of each other and sufficiently complete in themselves.

The Government passed a very bad time in the House of Lords on *Monday*, in reference to Mr. MORLEY'S recent attempt to play JAMES II., and dispense at pleasure with the law in Ireland. In reply to Lord LONDONDERRY'S question about their intentions in consequence of the Court of Appeal's decision, the LORD CHANCELLOR made a speech of wonderful "ambiguity," from which it was gathered that he and his colleagues will obey the law—if they cannot find any further means of evading it. Lord ACTON, trying less to be witty than last week, was rather less foolish; but had to admit more clearly than Lord HERSCHELL that obedience would be given. Lord KIMBERLEY was stolidly patient, as usual; and Lord SPENCER, also as usual, exhibited that plaintive sense of things in general being out of joint which has pervaded his utterances since he became a Home Ruler. The House of Commons was made to exhibit the earnestness of the Government by having about three nights' work choked into one. Supply being set up *pro forma*, Mr. MELLOR was moved into the chair, and will no doubt make a very fair chairman, though his party might have dispensed with the unreal airs of magnanimity which some of them gave themselves in reference to the appointment, before they settled down to a partisan one of the usual and quite tolerable kind. Then Mr. FOWLER introduced the Government Registration Bill,

the two most important provisions of which are residence for three months up to Midsummer, and (as a matter of course) the creation of a new salaried class of officials for the unlucky ratepayer to maintain. Some alteration in the present system was, no doubt, required; but three months is too short, the fresh officials are objectionable and unnecessary, and the cutting away of all rating qualification by a side-stroke is scarcely honest. The Bill, which is to be limboed in Grand Committee, was read a first time, and was followed by a twin measure adapted to the circumstances of Scotland. After this Mr. ASQUITH moved the second reading of the new Employers' Liability Bill, and expounded it at length. It abolishes common employment altogether, cuts further at contract, and in other respects burns incense to "le Dieu working-man" plentifully. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN moved an amendment of a more sweeping character still, and the debate was adjourned, as, after an attempt to cram in another Bill had been steadily resisted, was the House.

On Tuesday the House of Lords read some Bills a second time, and discussed the proposed Agricultural Depression Committee. In the Lower House the private member gloried for the first time this Session, Wednesdays excepted. The private member's method of glorying is well known, and is otherwise described by the phrase counting-out. This inevitable result, however, did not take place till eight o'clock, and there was something like a solid discussion on Mr. KIMBER's resolution as to the inequalities of Parliamentary representation. They are, of course, glaring enough; and now that they are not counterbalanced by inequalities of franchise, they are extremely illogical and mischievous. But we are afraid there is no final way out of them except that proportional representation at which, for some reason or other, the average Englishman shies. At private business and question time something a little noteworthy had occurred. Mr. O'CONNOR and Mr. NEVILLE, the Irish members for Liverpool, had, with the help of the Government, repulsed an instruction of Mr. FORWOOD's on the Corporation Bill of that city which would have destroyed the lucky inequality of wards to which they at least partly owe their seats. The Government had promised their friends of the London County Council (for this Government, unlike the last, thoroughly understands the duty of encouraging friends, and, in the true democratic spirit, promises "pots of wine" all round) a Commission to inquire into the means of subjugating the City to it. Mr. MUNDELLA had suggested, as a *reductio ad impossibile*, that perhaps Mr. JAMES LOWTHER thought he was "a person of alien extraction." And Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER had put his question about hoisting the Union Jack on the Palace of Westminster. MACAULAY, in a characteristic passage, has remarked that "the most sacred principles, the noblest institutions, looked mean" when VOLTAIRE touched them. Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER has something of this same power, though perhaps it is exercised in a different way. But (to digress slightly) it would be really interesting to know what flag is to be provided for that Irish Republic (in a paper domino) which Mr. GLADSTONE is bent on establishing. It cannot be insulted with the Union Jack, of course. What is to take its place? The crownless harp? Or a sunburst? Or three dynamite bombs proper in a chaos wavy rouge? Or a wolf-hound worrying a bulldog, whose own master has drawn his teeth? Or what?

On Wednesday the first business in the House of Commons was Mr. RENDEL'S Chapel Sites Enfranchisement Bill, which was read a second time, after a debate but no division. The animus of the Bill is undoubted, and all interference with contracts is objectionable, but that is about all to be said against it. Few landlords, we suppose, wish to be burdened with a second-

hand Dissenting chapel, expensive to pull down and useless for most other purposes. Sir J. B. MAPLE'S Cheap Trains Bill followed, with somewhat similar fortune, being read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee, as the former had been to the Grand Committee on Law. Some other business was done, but not much of note, except the introduction of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Bill for endowing the professional politician at the national expense.

The Lords had little business to do on Thursday; their work was a-preparing for them in the Lower House. There, after question time (unnoticeable save for some remarks of Mr. GLADSTONE's on the course of business and the Home Rule Bill), Mr. ASQUITH got up to move the Welsh Suspensory Bill, and did so in the perky and jaunty manner. He "hoped he should hear nothing of sacrilege or plunder"; multiplied the numbers of the Nonconformists, with gay confidence in the success of their avoidance of a religious census; pointed out that the Church revenues were only a quarter of a million in all (so that, apparently, she is to be disestablished for her apostolic poverty); showed how many chapels the Dissenters had built, and how much money they had spent (an argument the bearing of which it is not easy to discern), and so forth. Him followed Sir JOHN GORST; a good selection, for Sir JOHN, even at his worst, is greatly Mr. ASQUITH's superior in mere smartness, while at his best the superiority is much more considerable. In the debate which followed the rank and file of the Disestablishers had their head, but Mr. BOSCAWEN and Mr. VICARY GIBBS spoke well against the Bill. The speech of the evening was Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S, who drove home the dirty vote-buying character of the measure and of the Government policy generally in a manner which put Mr. GLADSTONE in one of his realities or simulations of frantic rage. He could, however, say nothing in reply except, in effect, that he had bought the votes and meant to pay the price—a resolution the nobility of which is, as the French say, *selon*, while its validity as a reply is not evident. Leave to introduce was given by 301 to 245.

Politics out of Parliament. Mr. MUNDELLA yesterday week, to a fresh deputation on the subject of railway rates, repeated his peculiar language of the day before, charging the Companies with "bias," "design," and what not—a kind of speech somewhat strange in an official mouth, and contrasting very unfavourably with the language used on the same day by the Chairmen of the Midland and North-Western meetings.

The elections of the end of last week still went ajee, though not unexpectedly so. Mr. MCINNES, the Gladstonian, recovered Hexham, and the priests (who had the impudence and indecency to act as personation agents, though in other respects they are said to have been more careful than before) kept South Meath by a rather smaller majority.—Mr. BALFOUR was reported on Monday morning as ill of a mild attack of influenza.—Mr. CARSON had spoken this day week on "the Bill" at a meeting of the United Club, and on Monday morning he corrected Mr. MORLEY'S, to say the least, incomplete account of his defeat on the Sheriffs' Protection question in the Dublin Appeal Court.

The Stockport election was a welcome change from the recent run of Unionist bad luck. True, it could be, and has been, spoken of with literal accuracy as a "Tory seat." But, as a matter of fact, the representation of Stockport at the last election was divided, and the late Mr. JENNINGS was considerably behind his Gladstonian colleague. On paper, therefore, the seat was almost a Gladstonian certainty in a single-handed contest, and the Government had the additional advantage of possessing in Major SHARP HUME a tried and popular candidate. He was, however, beaten handsomely by his Conservative opponent, Mr. WHITELEY,



who not only carried the seat by a majority of nearly five hundred, but polled more votes than Mr. LEIGH himself had done. It may not be altogether unworthy of notice that this is the first election since the Home Rule Bill has been before the country in detail, and that it changed a Gladstonian majority of more than two hundred into a Unionist majority of double the amount. In North Meath Bishop NULTY's famous pastoral had cartridges enough left in its magazine to win the seat again for the priests' nomination, though by a decreased majority.

On Thursday Mr. ALLAN, the very amusing Gladstonian candidate for Gateshead, is said to have confessed that he did not understand the Home Rule Bill, and to have pleaded that it was not for the likes of him to do so—it was enough if the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. MORLEY did. Of such is the kingdom of Mr. GLADSTONE. The Cirencester election took place on that day, but the result was not announced in time for notice here.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** It was announced last Saturday that the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate had approved the project for annexing Hawaii. The CZAR had remitted the death sentences passed on the Astrakhan cholera rioters, and in the German Reichstag Count VON CAPRIVI had administered a *Quos ego* to the Conservative members who had been discussing agricultural grievances in a manner "exceeding the limits compatible with the welfare of the State." The Opposition naturally cheered this "wiggling" administered to the chief supporters of the Government, which in another country would probably have to repent this fashion of encouraging friends. But Parliamentary institutions in Germany are so oddly conditioned that it may not matter there.

Queensland was still suffering from floods at the end of last week. Trustworthy reports failed to confirm a previously-asserted removal of MUKHTAR Pasha from Egypt, nor need we grieve at the failure. MUKHTAR has been rather mischievous, but he is emphatically an honest man, and "Seldom comes a better" is about the truest of proverbs. The grand celebration of the POPE's episcopal jubilee took place on Sunday in St. Peter's with all the honours. A fresh official Judenhetze has been begun in Russia.

There was better news from the Chin districts in Burmah on Tuesday morning; another Portuguese Ministry had collapsed; there were more voles in Thessaly, more fighting in Morocco (at Wazan, where French pretensions of interference may give trouble), and more talk in Parliaments everywhere.

On Wednesday morning it was announced that a Commission of five, including two natives of distinction, had been appointed to sit on the Bengal Jury question. Egypt was quiet. In France (where, by the way, M. LE ROYER, the President of the Senate, had resigned) some prominence was given to the anxieties of Prince HENRY of ORLEANS on the Mekong river boundary question. But Englishmen may be warned not to take Prince HENRY of ORLEANS too seriously. He is a very young gentleman, with a creditable taste for active voyaging, a pardonable fancy for self-advertisement, and a double dose of that amiable Chauvinism which induced his illustrious relative, the Prince of JOINVILLE, to smash his cabin partitions and beat to quarters once in five minutes, or thereabouts, in preparation against British corsairs, on a voyage which he was undertaking by the special and very kind permission of Great Britain herself.

News came on Thursday of fresh developments of complication between Sweden and Norway—developments produced, there cannot be the slightest doubt in the mind of any intelligent French or Irish journalist, by the gold of English Tories and Liberal-Unionists. M. JULES FERRY was like to succeed M. LE ROYER as

President of the French Senate with only preliminary opposition; the German EMPEROR had half propitiated and half snubbed an agricultural deputation; M. JULES LEMAÎTRE had produced another play, *Flipote*, with rather more success than his earlier attempts to show himself creative, and not merely critical, of drama. Senhor HINTZE RIBEIRO had accepted the very uneasy seat of a Portuguese Premier. Documents had been published in America, wherein the American Minister at Honolulu let the cat out of the bag by denouncing the Heir Presumptive of Hawaii as "English" in sentiment. Switzerland had, with wit not commonly thought Helvetic, put French sensitiveness in a very absurd position by magnanimously promising reparation for the shocking conduct of a small boy of Basle, who had made up in a masquerade as President CARNOT receiving bribes, "if the Republic would make a formal complaint."

Mr. DUFF, of Fetteresso, a member of Parliament of long standing and a steady placeman of some administrative ability, has been appointed to the Governorship of New South Wales, where, as a sensible Scotchman, he will no doubt get on well enough; though the colonies, as a rule, prefer lords. Mr. DUFF's majorities in Banffshire have been much pulled down of late; and, if there is real fight left in the Kirk, the seat might perhaps be won.

**Ireland.** On Tuesday morning two bad Moonlighting cases were reported, in which one man was shot and another badly beaten; but such things, as Lord ACTON knows, are only the harmless freaks of playful masquerading children.

Bank of Ireland shares have gone down heavily since the introduction of the Home Rule Bill. A companion depression has been shown in GUINNESS's stock, usually the steadiest security of its class in the market.

**The Law Courts.** A judgment of great interest was given in the Queen's Bench Division, refusing the *certiorari* which had been applied for to release a Salvation noisemaker who had not chosen to pay his fine, and had been sent to prison for a month. Part of the interest lay in the strengthening of magistrates' hands against one of the most intolerable of nuisances, part in the very able argument by which the junior judge, Mr. Justice BRUCE, convinced his reluctant senior, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, on the law of the case.—The confidence trick appeared again before Sir PETER EDLIN on Monday as fresh as ever and as successful.—The hearing of the charges against the Messrs. BARKER was adjourned on Wednesday, one of the defendants having shot himself in a railway carriage.—Messrs. HOBBS, WRIGHT, and NEWMAN were committed for trial on charges connected with the Liberator Building Society on Thursday.

**The London County Council.** The London County Council—resuming on Tuesday that favourite line of conduct which induces it, like froward children, to cry for something else instead of playing with what it has got—voted that it ought to have the sole control of markets in and about London. But let us do it justice; it negated a proposition for tinkering Waterloo Bridge. Now, Waterloo Bridge is the one really beautiful bridge that we have in London, so that "hands off" is a blessed motto in regard to it.

**Miscellaneous.** The Lancashire Cotton Spinners this day week agreed to resume work at a  $\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. reduction, but on Tuesday the Cotton Manufacturers rejected the men's offer as insufficient.—The Treasury has offered the London County Council part of the Millbank site for artisans' dwellings, very properly declining to comply with the preposterous demand of that wonderful body that no barracks should be erected there. The Council, no doubt, would like to play Commune; but this way of indicating its desires

is a little clumsy. — The PRINCE OF WALES, with many "persons of quality," assembled to see Professor DEWAR liquefy air at the Royal Institution on Wednesday. — Lord Justice BOWEN has been elected a trustee of the British Museum in the room of Dr. LIDDELL.

**The Universities.** A rather mischievous vote was taken in Congregation at Oxford on Wednesday for the establishment of a sort of "gig"-professorship of history with a hundred-a-year salary. History is amply endowed at present, and the professors' lectures are not exactly overcrowded. But the hunger of young resident Oxford for "boodle" must, we suppose, be gratified at any price. And, after all, it is hardly to blame, for it is not responsible for the foolish policy which has at once multiplied its numbers, increased its expenses, and deprived it of the old steadygoing means of existence.

**Sport.** Much interest was felt in the defeat of Colonel NORTH's famous dog Fullerton in the second round of the Waterloo Cup on Wednesday.

**Obituary.** Admiral Sir ARTHUR CUMMING had greatly distinguished himself in the Syrian war of fifty years ago (when, no doubt, he was much chagrined at not having to "take the French fleet into Malta"), and afterwards performed an exploit in the best romance-of-adventure style on board a Spanish slaver in South American waters. — The obituary of the middle of this week was full of well-known names. Mr. PETTIE, R.A., was one of the most popular of painters, and by no means the least deserving of popularity. Sir HENRY BRISTOWE had for some dozen years discharged with success the functions of Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, whatever it might have been a century or two ago, is anything but a sinecure now. With General BEAUREGARD disappears, if we are not mistaken, almost the last of those generals who were most prominent in the American Civil War. Unlike some others, BEAUREGARD was a trained soldier, and had done good service in Mexico before his duty to his State obliged him to fire on the Union flag at Fort Sumter. He commanded the Confederate armies with chequered success; but was, even when unlucky, rather outnumbered than outnumbered. In later days he engaged in civil business, and was thought by some not to have improved his fame. — Herr VON BLEICHRODER, the famous Berlin banker, appears to have been made the subject of admiring comment because he gave Prince BISMARCK information that France would bear "tother turn," as our facetious ancestors used to say of the rack, in the matter of milliards. You must, of course, serve your country in your vocation; but perhaps there are more glorious offices than this particular one. — Mr. WILLIAM HAZLITT, well known for many years as Mr. Registrar HAZLITT, was the essayist's son, and was old enough to have been his father's pretty intimate companion for some years. He had himself literary tastes and powers; had edited several volumes of his father's essays and Remains; and once carried to some length what would probably have been the most complete edition of DEFOE if it had been finished, and what is still the most valuable in some ways.

**Books.** A very handsome edition of *Sir John Vanbrugh* has been published this week (LAWRENCE, BULLEN, & Co.) under the editorship of Mr. W. A. WARD; as well as a privately printed translation of *Rabelais*, also handsome, by Mr. W. F. SMITH, of St. John's College, Cambridge. — Mr. J. SCOTT KELTIE'S *Partition of Africa* (STANFORD) is an invaluable summary of the great changes recently effected in the political geography of that continent. — A translation of "ARVEDE BARINE'S" extremely interesting monograph on the author of *Paul and Virginia*, one of the best of M. JUSSEURAND'S series of *Grands*

*Ecrivains Français*, has appeared (UNWIN), with a short introduction by Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. This contains frequent references to "ST. BEUVE." Who was "ST. BEUVE"? He seems from Mr. BIRRELL'S remarks to have been a kind of critic.

**The Theatre.** *Diplomacy* was revived this day week at the Garrick Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT in the cast, and was very well received. At the Trafalgar Square Theatre on Monday a *matinée* was given to the new ISEN play, the *Master Builder*, which does not seem to have commended itself to the hard-hearted British critic. It has, by the way, appeared in print and in English, translated by Mr. ARCHER and Mr. GOSSE (HEINEMANN).

#### THE IRISH PARTY AND THE HOME RULE BILL.

IT is, perhaps, a sign of the close and indissoluble character of the Union of Hearts that so little attention has, comparatively speaking, been bestowed on the attitude of the Irish Parliamentary party towards the Home Rule Bill. It may be that the good understanding between the two parties to the proposed constitutional compact is so complete that the English party to it feels that he can take his Irish partner's satisfaction with that compact and his intention of adhering loyally to it for granted, and need not too narrowly examine the precise words in which he has signified his acceptance of it. This is one way of explaining the inattention of the English partner to the point in question. Another explanation of his incuriousness to examine the precise words of the Irish acceptance is that he believes those precise words to have the precise value of the wind expended in their utterance. We are not concerned for the moment to make any choice between these explanations, though we may permit ourselves to observe that, if the latter be the true one, the valuation of Nationalist assurances which enters into it has considerably more to say for its probable accuracy than was the case seven, or even three, years ago. Those who now adopt it are, at any rate, entitled to argue out that no Nationalist professions of assent to the proposed settlement of 1893 could be stronger than Mr. PARNELL'S professions of 1886, and that no undertakings given to-day on behalf of the Irish people could be nearly as authoritative as those of the late Nationalist leader. Seeing, therefore, they may continue, that Mr. PARNELL has since been good enough to tell us what his professions were worth, while events at the same time were showing us how frail a thing was his authority, we may be excused from troubling ourselves to consider what any one or more of his numerous successors may have said in similar circumstances.

The words of an undertaking, however, may have significance, though they have no validity; and the fact that the present leaders of the Irish party cannot for a moment be trusted to make good their pledges does not altogether exclude the question as to how far they have pledged themselves. Even those who, recklessly or dishonestly, advise the English people to trust them do not contend that they will perform more than they promise; and if only for the sake of meeting these advisers on their own ground, it is worth while to see what their promises amount to. Mr. SEXTON, for whom the "unchangeable passion of hate" has now changed into an emotion, also "beyond all change," of gratitude towards Mr. GLADSTONE, and presumably Great Britain, or at any rate "pure Scotland," may be taken, we presume, as the authorized spokesman of the Anti-Parnellites, Mr. J. REDMOND of the rival Irish



faction; and Mr. SEXTON's observations on the cardinal point of the Bill—the maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament—are especially worthy of careful attention. It should be remembered, before examining them, that seven years of constant discussion and controversy have brought this point into a much more prominent position than it occupied in 1886, and that therefore a more unequivocal and unreserved acknowledgment of the aforesaid supremacy, not as an abstract principle of constitutional law, but as a concrete instrument of practical politics, may, and indeed must, be demanded from the Irish Nationalist party to-day. What sort of an acknowledgment, then, did Mr. SEXTON accord to it? Why, in half a dozen passages of his speech he intimated, as clearly as words could convey, that he acknowledged it only as an abstract principle of constitutional law, and that as a concrete instrument of practical politics he utterly repudiated it. He even went so far as to discuss with perfect coolness the question whether measures should not be expressly taken to prevent any attempt on the part of the Imperial Parliament to treat its theoretical supremacy as an actual political fact. And if he decided against the adoption of such measures, it is not because he shrinks from a step which would obviously reduce the so-called subordination of the Irish Legislature to the merest mockery, but simply because he believes that the proposed plan of nullifying it would be ineffective. He will not, he was good enough to say, insist upon a "declaration to the effect that the Imperial Parliament would not interfere within the appointed sphere of the Parliament of Ireland," but only because any successor of the present Imperial Parliament might revoke that declaration. He made it perfectly clear, however, that what the Imperial Parliament cannot validly bind itself not to do, it must nevertheless religiously abstain from doing, or eighty vocal Irishmen will know the reason why. "A number found sufficient to initiate an Irish Constitution would," he says, "be found sufficient to protect it when given." Wherefrom it would appear that Mr. SEXTON counts on securing the whole of the reduced Irish representation for the Nationalist party—an expectation which, if Mr. GLADSTONE only carries the unabashed gerrymandering of the Second Schedule a little further, may quite conceivably be realized.

It is true that Mr. SEXTON nominally limits his assertion of Irish legislative independence, and in terms protests only against the capricious or vexatious interference of the Imperial Parliament in the appointed sphere of the Parliament of Ireland. But, inasmuch as we all know perfectly well that any interference with the Parliament of Ireland would be capricious and vexatious in the vocabulary of the Irish Nationalist, the reservation is, of course, mere idle surplusage. Moreover, in the speech of Mr. REDMOND—who, in the future as in the present rivalry of Irish politics, could not certainly be invited by Mr. SEXTON to trump this particular suit—it does not appear at all. Mr. REDMOND has already gained a slight advantage over Mr. SEXTON in the matter of plain speaking, and could not be suffered to improve upon it. He was reluctant to admit even the theoretical supremacy of the Imperial Parliament—a claim imagined by him to rest upon the validity of the Act of Union, which "Irish national sentiment has at all times disputed." He is, however, willing to accept "a Home Rule Bill based upon the validity of the Act of Union and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament; but they asked that if the compromise between the full and extreme demand of Irish national sentiment and English feeling were carried out, they should have some guarantee that the Imperial Parliament would not exercise its right to legislate over the head of the Irish Parliament on those purely Irish concerns which were committed by the Constitution Act to the man-

agement of the Irish Parliament." Here it will be seen, and as the word "compromise" indicates, we have got a distinct stage beyond Mr. SEXTON. First, the very principle of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is to be disputed, and the counter-principle of the independent authority of the Irish Parliament is to be set up. Thus, in consideration of the waiver of this latter claim as a matter of doctrine, it is to be recognized as a matter of fact, while the dispute over the former claim is to be "compromised," on the terms that if the principle of Imperial Parliamentary supremacy is formally recognized by Ireland, it shall never be actually exercised by England.

These, then, are the terms on which the Irish Nationalists of either faction are prepared to accept Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule Bill. They graciously admit the necessity of his putting a certain amount of rubbish about "safeguards," and so forth, for the sake of keeping up appearances, and for the benefit of those colleagues who have committed themselves against Fenian Home Rule. They perceive and allow for these exigencies of Mr. GLADSTONE's position, and are willing to go as far as they can towards meeting him half way in the performance of the comedy. But this is not to prevent their conveying to him politely, but unmistakably, that, whatever may be said on either side upon the subject, it is Fenian Home Rule that they mean to have.

#### THE NECESSARY INTERVIEWER.

IT is not necessary that "Interviewers" should exist. When we say this, we disable the judgment of Mr. GRANT ALLEN. In a preface to *Interviews*, by RAYMOND BLATHWAYT (HALL), Mr. ALLEN writes, "The Interviewer is now a Necessary Evil. Whether we like him or lump him, he is master of the situation." That the Interviewer is an evil we gladly admit, that he is necessary we deny. We do not "like" him; the sense of the alternative "lump him" is obscure; but if it mean anything in the nature of dissembling love and the outward and sensible signs thereof, then there are excuses for those who "lump" the Interviewer. That person is not "master of the situation," as long as a British citizen's house is what the old law declares it to be. "The Interviewer's function," says Mr. ALLEN, who has a strange way of backing his friends the Interviewers, "is to levy, as it were, a sort of social tax on popularity or notoriety." And Mr. ALLEN goes on to describe, in language of well-deserved scorn, what the public is supposed to want to know about people whose names it happens to have come across in the newspapers. Mr. ALLEN then praises Mr. BLATHWAYT, the author of these screeds, as "the highest exponent of painless interviewing." We have not read Mr. BLATHWAYT's notes, nor are we reviewing them; but, in turning over the leaves, we do observe that he calls one of his patients, his host for the moment, "the little man," and that he criticizes very favourably the domestic happiness of another, and the charms of the wife of a third. Whether it is painful or painless to receive an Interviewer who publishes this kind of thing is, no doubt, a question for the patient to decide. Mr. ALLEN thinks that "he must be hard-hearted, indeed, who refuses admission" to this painless practitioner.

All this is very interesting and full of matter. Mr. ALLEN calls this species of writer "a necessary evil"; but where does the necessity come in? It may be admitted that to a politician an Interviewer may sometimes prove a serviceable "conductor"; the politician may have something to say, some mode of concealing his thoughts to practise, and a printed interview may serve his purpose. Again, if a man has just had some-

singular experience of travel, accident, or what not, and if he wishes to publish it in a hurry, and can speak better or more easily than he writes, the Interviewer may serve his turn. But most of the persons prattled about in this volume can and do write very copiously. Why, then, an Interviewer should be needed by them is a mystery. As to the descriptions of "how many lumps of sugar the great man takes in his tea," as Mr. ALLEN says, to know that is not necessary, but highly superfluous. The sillier sort of newspaper readers may like to know, but that is a very different affair. There is no necessity in the case, and we doubt whether even the stupid newspaper devourer cares much about such details. They pass idly through his empty pate; that is all.

Why, then, do persons of notoriety admit the domestic Interviewer? Probably a number of reasons may be assigned. The most respectable is indolent good-nature; it is easier to say "yes" than "no"; to have the tiles in your fireplace described as "Persian," and, at the same time, as the work of an Englishman, than to keep your drawing-room for your acquaintances. This is the fairest plea for permitting your person and furniture to be exhibited to the suburban citizen, who, honest man, probably never heard of you, and cares very little about you. Again, the patient may really like being talked about in public, may enjoy the idea of permitting all the world to know, as Mr. ALLEN says, "curious little details which might be left to your conscience, your cook, and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue." It is an odd taste, but it is possible that "the animals enjoy it." The Interviewed may pretend to complain, but may really rejoice. The public does not mind it, the patient is pleased, the Interviewer earns his fee in the way he has been inspired to choose. All this may be admitted, but the plea of necessity cannot be admitted. Again, probably many of the patients think an "interview" a good advertisement. They are brought before the public notice, therefore the public will read their books or buy their pictures. This is a sad mistake. The public which reads interviews knows nothing about the interviewed author and his works, cares nothing about them, nor about anything of the sort. "Here is gossip about 'somebody whose name I have seen in the papers,'" says the reader; so he reads the gossip. But there his interest ends. The theory of advertisement, of profit to accrue from a little more of personal notoriety, is a blunder. The public of this kind cares to know that an author squints, or weighs twelve-stone-ten, or has a broken nose, or uses a thick-handled pen; but as to what he writes with that pen this kind of public is serenely indifferent. Where, then, is the necessity for admitting the Interviewer? Necessity there is none; but indolence, vanity, love of notoriety, are likely to keep the author of interviews in full employment. Mr. BLATHWAYT has added to his volume a defence of his art, in which he says, practically, that "ZENOPHON" interviewed "SOCRATES." An author who talks of "ZENOPHON" falls a little short of the universal knowledge which, it seems, is necessary for the ideal Interviewer.

#### CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.

IF any dissatisfied Conservative wishes to understand the secret of the political success of his adversaries, he should study the language and demeanour of an eminently respectable member of the present Government introducing a Registration Bill. It is true that not even the Gladstonian party have always ready to hand a representative so perfectly fitted to the part as Mr. H. H. FOWLER. But in a company in which Mr. FOWLER is for the purposes of

this particular type of comedy a star, there are others who shine with only a slightly lesser light in the same line of business, while there is perhaps not one of the rest, down even to the least accomplished artist among them—say Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE himself—who is not a good enough "utility man" to undertake the performance at a pinch. And we are bound to confess that he would in all probability discharge it better than many a Minister long accustomed to "play the lead" on the Conservative side. As to Mr. FOWLER himself, he is simply *impayable* in a part of this kind. The solid, businesslike manner in which he explained the provisions of his Registration Bill the other night; the air of disinterested impatience, as of a neutral critic concerned only to maintain the spirit of electoral laws, with which he denounced the anomalies of the existing system; the bluff heartiness, as of the stage countryman, with which he held out the hand of friendship to, and invited the clasp of co-operation from, opponents equally zealous with himself for an unhindered acquisition and exercise of the franchise by every "capable citizen"—all were inimitable. The illusion was perfect. No one not in the secret would have imagined that Mr. FOWLER was playing sponsor to a measure designed to inundate the registers with a flood of voters, a large proportion, probably a considerable majority, of whom will be at once the most likely to vote for Radical candidates, and the least qualified to vote at all.

No doubt the performance was simplified for the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD by the fact that up to a certain point the part "plays itself." A considerable amount of impatience with the existing system of legislation may be genuinely felt, and either party may in perfect good faith invite the co-operation of their political opponents in effecting some amendment of it. It is only when the Gladstonian Minister comes to specify *what* amendment he proposes, and innocently to assume that his adversaries will still follow him with their assent—it is not till then that histrionic talent is called into requisition. Nobody disputes that a qualifying term of residence of twelve months, especially when the accident of the date of its commencement frequently extends it to eighteen months, and sometimes to two years and a quarter, is too long. Nor does any one defend a rule by which a qualified elector who changes his place of abode from one side of a street to another is compelled to qualify anew by residence in his new dwelling for another statutory term. Other defects, less patent—and some of them, perhaps, not assured of universal recognition as defects—may be pointed out in the existing system; and any Government of either party, while tentatively proposing to deal with these latter, might confidently claim the assistance of their opponents in the correction of the former. The point at which justifiable confidence passes into brazen assurance is in the pretended assumption that no one who agrees that a year is too long a qualifying time can have any objection to its being cut down to the heroic extent of seventy-five per cent. As we have already admitted, the assumption was excellently feigned—a study in the childlike and bland manner which AH SIN himself might have "signed." But, considered from any other than the artistic point of view, it is too thin. Its object is too palpable. The natural reduction of the qualifying time—if register-packing motives had not entered into the matter—would so obviously have been to nine, or at the outside to six, months that the Ministerial purpose of swamping the electoral roll with a whole deluge of nomad ignorance and incapacity becomes quite impossible to conceal. As was said by one of the few Unionist members who spoke out plainly the other night, "the Government are bringing in another Reform Bill



"under the guise of a Registration Bill." It will be for the Opposition to endeavour to make it what it pretends to be, by insisting on a proper qualifying term.

#### THE GERMAN CONSERVATIVES.

THE German Conservatives are playing a very dangerous game. If they will not believe it on the word of Count VON CAPRIVI, they may at least learn as much from one of the earlier (and wiser) sayings of Prince BISMARCK. When he was only Freiherr, and was not yet in the state of mind of RACINE'S ACOMAT, raging at loss of power, and ready to lay hands on any weapon wherewith to revenge himself on his ungrateful master, the ex-Chancellor strongly advised certain Conservative friends of his who were minded to make a temporary alliance with the Radicals not to play with "the bullets of *Der Freischütz*." But this is precisely what the German, and more especially the Prussian, Conservatives are now doing. They are exceedingly sore, and not wholly without reason. The withdrawal of the Education Bill left them in something not very remote from the state of mind of the Tories when Sir ROBERT PEEL sold his party in the dearest market. They had to complain that they had first been led on with the most emphatic assurances, and then thrown over. No experience is more naturally exasperating to any body of men, or more exactly calculated to make them acutely conscious of any other grievance from which they may happen to suffer. And the German Conservatives have other causes of complaint. They belong mainly to the class of landed proprietors, great and small, and farmers. The agricultural interest is suffering in Germany, and it is persuaded that much, if not all, of its trouble is due to the late commercial treaties which have facilitated the importation of Austrian grain and cattle. Now it hears of negotiations with Russia which will make foreign competition still more severe, and that prospect has made the Conservatives still more angry. The Army Bill has come at this moment to threaten them with fresh burdens.

In this complication of troubles it is not unnatural that the Conservatives should be by no means disposed to give the CHANCELLOR their unhesitating support. But it is their further misfortune that opposition to the EMPEROR on any point is not in the traditions of their party, and that opposition to an Army Bill is contrary to them altogether. But, as things stand, the only means they have of putting pressure on the Imperial Government is by opposing the Army Bill. If that is passed, the EMPEROR and his CHANCELLOR will be independent of them for some years. The Conservatives would clearly like to remain on the old footing on which the agricultural interest supported the King, and the King protected the agricultural interest. The deputation which addressed the EMPEROR on Wednesday reminded him of the terms of the old bargain in almost so many words, but they did not secure a satisfactory answer. The EMPEROR characteristically referred to former speeches of his own, in which he had expressed his affection for the agricultural interest; but he added that he must have peace in order to give effect to his good intentions, and that peace would not be secured unless the army is increased. So the agricultural interest must first vote the military Bills. We have seen something not unlike this among ourselves. Parliament wishes grievances to precede Supply. The King would prefer to see his faithful Commons provide for the Royal necessities, on the understanding that he will then give his friendly attention to grievances.

There never was a party yet to which this bargain was acceptable. Loyalty may overpower the sense of his personal interest in a particular man, but it rarely does so with a whole class. The German Conserva-

tives may, therefore, be excused if they wish to put pressure on their lord. But the method they have chosen is a thoroughly dangerous one—far worse from their own point of view than an open alliance with the Liberals to defeat the Army Bill. They have taken up the so-called anti-Semite agitation, and have voted for its candidates. Now, putting everything else aside, the anti-Semitic agitation is a Socialistic movement. No more extraordinary, and in the long run more fatal, alliance can be imagined for a Conservative party and one which is mainly supported by the landed interest. No man is so certain to suffer from an attack on property as the owner of land, if only for the very simple reason that his wealth is not movable, as the capitalist's is. The complacency with which the Socialists have seen and approved of the elections of AHLWARDT and HERTWIG, the two anti-Semitic agitators who have been returned by the help of the Conservatives, ought to be warning enough to them. The holding of monster meetings, and of agitating against the EMPEROR'S Minister, is less manifestly insane, but is not less inconsistent with their principles. But the Conservatives are so well pleased with the practice they have made hitherto with the bullets they have bought from the fiend that they are in no humour to listen to the warning given them by Count VON CAPRIVI.

#### THE CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.

A PERIOD of long suspense, Parliamentary perhaps rather than national, has been terminated. The mind of the House of Commons has been terribly exercised as to its Chairman of Committees; its anxiety was brought to a close on Monday, when, the House having gone into Committee of Supply, Mr. GLADSTONE moved that Mr. MELLOR take the Chair. Close observers might, however, have discerned beforehand what was going to happen. When Lord NORTH went out of office in 1782, and the ROCKINGHAM Ministry came in, outward and visible sign of the change was given by the appearance of the retiring Ministers in undress—in top-boots, and frock or great-coats—while their successors presented themselves in Court dress, with powder in their hair, with swords at their sides, and with ruffles on their wrists. So on Monday evening, Mr. MELLOR might have been observed clad in the sober livery of evening, while Mr. COURTNEY looked on from the Liberal-Unionist benches in whatever raiment may be the nineteenth-century equivalent of Fox's buff and blue. There was a lingering expectation in some minds that Mr. COURTNEY might have been called again to the Chair, which he filled to the advantage of public business in the preceding Parliament and in its short-lived predecessor. Parliamentary business will be heavy in Committee. The Home Rule Bill, if it ever gets there, will not know itself if it ever comes out. Mr. COURTNEY has shown his capacity of steering complicated measures through Committee; he has facility in interpreting amendments, and fixing their relation to the text of the Bill and to each other; he has acquired authority in Parliament, always more disorderly in Committee than in the House; he has a minute knowledge of Parliamentary practice and precedent. It is, therefore, easy to understand that a Minister anxious that the business of Parliament should be done in a prompt and orderly way should have been inclined to reappoint a Chairman who has shown very unusual fitness for the office. Mr. COURTNEY has proved his capacity for repressing obstruction without interfering with freedom of debate. In the unavoidable absence of the real leader, through protracted sittings in Committee, the deputy leader, from the mere fact that he is a deputy, and without any reference to the further fact that he is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, will need all the help that an efficient Chairman can give him.

It is true that Mr. COURTNEY's appointment would have been a departure from all but unbroken precedent. The SPEAKER, once appointed, is understood to hold his office through successive Parliaments, so long as he is disposed to retain it; though the substitution of Mr. CORNWALL for Sir FLETCHER NORTON in 1780, and of Mr. ABERCROMBY for Sir C. MANNERS SUTTON in 1835, shows that political leaders do not scruple to depart from this usage when any party or personal advantage is to be gained by setting it aside. The Chairman of Committees, on the other hand, is understood to be elected from the ranks of the party in power at the commencement of each Parliament, and for the whole of that Parliament, independently of Ministerial changes which may take place. The only instance of a Prime Minister choosing a political opponent as Chairman is the nomination of Mr. BERNAL, who had been the Whig Chairman of Committees since the Reform Act, by Sir ROBERT PEEL. But Sir ROBERT PEEL had just been defeated on the question of the Speakership, and he was too prudent to challenge another defeat on the question of the Chairmanship. As a Minister in a minority, he accepted Mr. BERNAL; as a Minister in a majority in 1841, he had no scruple in setting aside Mr. BERNAL for one of his own followers, Mr. GREENE. It may be desirable to apply the rule of the Speakership to the Chairman, and to keep a good Chairman when you have got him through successive Parliaments independent of Ministerial changes. But this assimilation of the tenure of the two posts would involve a revolution in the relation of the Chairman of Committees both to the House and to his constituents. The Speaker in former times used to join in party debates and divisions when the House was in Committee. But it has been found necessary to his efficiency in the House that he should not, in Committee, nor even in candidature, in the interval between two Parliaments, reassume a party connexion. The Chairman of Committees, under similar conditions, would have to be as silent as the Speaker. Mr. COURTNEY would have no more liberty to try and defeat a Bill on the second reading than Mr. PEEL to obstruct and wreck it in Committee. The dignity of the Speaker enables him to find a constituency willing to accept practical disfranchisement on his account. But few constituencies would be willing to make the same sacrifice for a Chairman of Committees, and a capable Chairman of Committees would seldom consent to be politically neutralized. The post would sink to a lower level, to politicians of the gas-and-water and private Bill order of mind, not, except in rare cases, to the advantage of public business.

#### EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

THE chief interest of the brief discussion on Employers' liability last Monday night was not in the Bill introduced by Mr. ASQUITH. It lay in the success with which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN played the game called "pushing his opinions to the logical conclusion" on Mr. ASQUITH, and in a less degree in the opportunities afforded by the arguments he used to any one who chose to play exactly the same game on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself. It is a simple form of sport, and all the easier because it is not at all necessary to look closely to the quality of the "logic." What passes for the name is often as little logical as may be. It is often thought enough—to use an illustration which has done service before—to tell A, who likes his gruel thin, that he is logically bound to like it reduced to the most extreme point of tenuity at which it can continue to deserve the name. Mr. ASQUITH has pretty clearly arrived at his conclusions by very much this

process of reasoning, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would drive him much further, nor can we see why he need stop where he does.

The most popular part of the Bill introduced by Mr. ASQUITH will be the clause which destroys the legal fiction of common employment. That part of the HOME SECRETARY'S speech which dealt with this cherished offspring of the subtle legal mind, was worded in that tone of contempt which is much in fashion with a certain stamp of modern lawyer. The form of the fiction is abundantly arbitrary and wiredrawn; but in this, as in other cases, there is a basis of common sense to what Mr. ASQUITH, using a much-abused word, calls the scholastic ingenuity of the judges. It may be almost childish to talk of some imaginary contract entered into in some fantastic way by the workman, whereby he debars himself from seeking compensation for damage inflicted in the course of, and by means of, his work through the negligence or default of a fellow-workman. But it is not, therefore, absurd to deny that the workman has the same claim against his employer as a casual passer-by would have if he were injured by the fault of one of that employer's servants. Mr. ASQUITH cited the case of a railway accident due to the default of a driver, in which the injured passengers would have a claim to compensation, but the injured guard would not. But the cases are not parallel. The passengers pay to be safely carried. The guard is paid for his work, and the danger of his occupation has its effect in fixing the rate of his wages. If he is entitled to compensation, it must be on the ground that it is hard for him to be injured and not to get damages. But in that case there is some ground for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S contention that the gruel must be still further watered. Why is the compensation to be given only when negligence or default can be proved? In the very large proportion of accidents which cannot be traced to this cause, the injury done is just as severe. If common employment is a fiction, so is the responsibility of the employer for every act or failure to act on the part of a servant whom he may have chosen with care, and whom it may be physically impossible for him to supervise. There was certainly force in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S contention that Mr. ASQUITH'S Bill would not, as he confidently believes, stop litigation. As the workman who has been aware of the defects of tackle from which he has suffered, and has not reported them, is to have no claim unless he can show that he had reasonable ground to believe that the employer knew of the defect already, it is clear that considerable potentialities of fees would still remain to both branches of the legal profession.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S amendment has an appearance of simplicity. It is his old proposal to make the employer liable in all cases of accident. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pointed out on a former occasion that the employer must compensate himself at the cost of the consumer. On Monday night he was content to argue that the burden would be really slight, and he quoted the insurance of a halfpenny on a ton, which he believed would meet the responsibility of the mineowner. But that halfpenny will be accompanied by proportionate sums on every form of industry, by land and sea, in which there is risk. It will be strange if this burden is not compensated in some way, either by increase in price or reduction of wages, by which the working class must suffer. If the Bill reaches the Committee stage, the clause which, according to an absurd modern mania, forbids, or at least greatly limits, the right of men to contract themselves out of the benefit of the Act will deserve examination. But at the second-reading stage the principle is the main interest. If that principle leads to the abolition of "common employment," it can be shown with all the "logic" required by humanitarian



feeling to justify Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Nor are we sure that it could not be equally shown to justify throwing the burden on the State in all cases when the employer was unable to provide the compensation.

#### THE WELSH SUSPENSORY BILL.

THE notorious incident in which Mr. LEVESON GOWER figured last week was not, indeed, needed to indicate the spirit in which the present Government would approach the subject of Welsh Disestablishment. When persons like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. SAMUEL EVANS drive, it is improbable that the cattle driven will be allowed much choice whether the way is to be clean or dirty. But the additional indication was not unwelcome as to the kind of warfare which is being waged with the Welsh Church. Of that warfare the Bill which was introduced on Thursday night was not merely a necessary, but a very characteristic, stage. Never was there a more transparently false analogy than that between the procedure on this occasion and the procedure (even if we regard that as a laudable precedent) in the case of the Irish Church. And never was a pretext, bad in itself, more hopelessly insufficient to hide the real reason which lay behind it. Every one, with even the faintest spark of political knowledge, knows that the Suspensory Bill is introduced, not because any harm can be done, even from the Disestablishers' point of view, if it were not, not as a necessary pioneer to the larger measure, but simply as a sop to the hungry hatred of the Welsh Nonconformist members. It would seem that the sop is rather insufficient; but that is neither here nor there. Mr. GLADSTONE is cribbing and filching something from his intended victim to stop its would-be plunderers' mouths for the time; and he is anxious too, perhaps, to get a few votes from some who might hesitate on the larger measure, but will reconcile themselves to vote for this.

Yet we can find no great fault with him for his conduct, because it is quite in keeping—and it is a great thing to be in keeping. We have before now noticed the curious sordidness which attaches to this persecution of the Welsh Church. For Welsh Disestablishment there is, with the exception of the majority argument—and that not demonstrably—scarcely one of the arguments which were used for Disestablishment in Ireland. It is certain that the Church has a larger number of adherents than any Dissenting community in Wales, and the Welsh Nonconformists themselves have made it impossible to say what exact majority, if any, the combined sects possess. It is not merely probable, but certain, that, if the extreme political Dissenters in Wales had not played the electioneering game with equal unscrupulousness and vigour, a majority even of Welsh members would not have been got in favour of the scheme. Of positive hardship there is actually none. The Welsh Church cannot be accused, even by the historical audacity which takes what liberties it pleases in Ireland, of having despoiled Baptists or Methodists of their churches or their endowments. Its own endowments are the reverse of excessive. The abuses which prevailed in it, as elsewhere, have long been reformed. It is in no solid or honest sense a "foreign" Church. It does not neglect its duties. The tithes which are paid to it would, if it were disestablished, unless Parliament were induced to sanction a gigantic act of bribery, still be paid by those who pay them. Its churches and its parsonages could only be taken from it by an act of high-handed abuse of power on which even Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet ventured. The sole thing that can be said against it is that in some parts of Wales its adherents are not so numerous as the combined

adherents of other sects who hate each other very nearly if not quite as much as they hate it. So that the sole excuse for an act which to the universal knowledge is merely a dirty guerdon for dirty votes, obtained by clever and unscrupulous electioneering, is this majority argument. It is as an argument a little dangerous. There are districts, and many of them, in England where the adherents of the Church outnumber the adherents of every sect put together, far more largely than the motley array of Welsh Dissenters even pretend to outnumber the Church. If the sauce is to be extended to both the birds, the incumbents of Little Bethel and Ebenezer might find their future state a decidedly uncomfortable one. They have, indeed, no establishment to lose; but in many cases they have endowments of this or that kind, and it may be more than suspected that, if the Welsh Establishment only were at stake, Mr. MARJORIBANKS would find Wales slow to answer his call. As it is, the matter has been put with great and unexpected frankness by the *Daily News* in this question:—"What would the clergy of the Church of England say if it were proposed to deprive them of their status and their emoluments by the votes of Irish Catholics, Welsh Methodists, and Scottish Presbyterians?" That is exactly what is proposed to be done to the clergy of the Church of England in the dioceses of St. Asaph, Bangor, St. David's, and Llandaff.

The HOME SECRETARY, if he totally failed to make out any case for the Suspensory Bill, stated the real object of the measure with great plainness. He was asking the House to take the first step towards Disestablishment and Disendowment. But of argument his address was altogether destitute. The curiously Nonconformist style of his language, of which Lord RANDOLPH spoke, made it appear as if Mr. ASQUITH had transformed himself into the typical Welsh disestablisher. He denounced the Church with a fervour that might have moved Sir OSBORNE MORGAN himself. And he followed the example of the Welsh Gladstonian members by professing his deep regard for the Church he proposed to paralyse at the bidding of a sectarian majority. But he made no attempt to justify the monstrous and tyrannical injustice of the Suspensory Act. The pretence that there was any sort of precedent for the procedure was absurd, even on Mr. ASQUITH's airy assumption that the question of the Welsh Church was a small question, and fraught with no difficulties. Yet the HOME SECRETARY calmly attempted to persuade the House that the question of the Welsh Church must be considered as settled by the precedent of the Irish Church Disestablishment in 1868. From this preposterous position Mr. ASQUITH was utterly routed by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who confronted the astonished HOME SECRETARY with certain awkward and uncompromising admissions of his revered leader. Nothing in Lord RANDOLPH's masterly and incisive criticism of the Bill was more telling than the citation of Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion in disproof of Mr. ASQUITH's baseless assumptions. He showed that there was neither precedent nor parallel. He quoted Mr. GLADSTONE's solemn words concerning the complexity of the questions which Mr. ASQUITH regarded as so easy and simple. As to the pretended precedent, Lord RANDOLPH quoted the very strong and plain words of Mr. GLADSTONE:—"It is practically impossible to separate the case of Wales from that of England." Clearly, then, to attack the Church in Wales, by suspending her functions during a term of years quite undecided, is to attack the Church of England in which it is comprehended. Mr. ASQUITH was hard pressed for argument when he asserted there was no difference between the case of the Irish Church and that of the Welsh. Here, again, Lord RANDOLPH was put to the pleasing necessity of

instructing Mr. ASQUITH in Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches. So far from the two cases being one, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinion, there was no analogy between them. Equally complete and crushing was Lord RANDOLPH'S demonstration of the unfairness of asking the House to give a pledge that at some future time the Welsh Church shall be disestablished and disendowed, while affording no explanation of what is intended by the Government and no opportunity for full and proper inquiry. Sir JOHN GORST'S comments on the serious injury the Suspensory Bill must deal to the work of the Church in Wales were exceedingly forcible and convincing. But what are the facts and figures of his speech to Gladstonians in need of the Welsh vote for Irish Home Rule? They count for nothing. It is "Votes! votes! votes!" as Lord RANDOLPH shrewdly put it, and everything must be sacrificed to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy at any cost, if only votes are assured.

#### WHAT IRELAND IS NOT TO DO.

THE Bill which is to endow "the Irish Legislature" "with power to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland in respect of matters exclusively relating to Ireland, or some part thereof," begins, in a truly Irish fashion, with a string of restrictions.

There are seventeen of them:—

1. The Irish Legislature is to have nothing to say in respect of the Crown, the succession to the Crown, or the Lord-Lieutenant. The alien Parliament at Westminster is alone to decide, even if all the eighty Irish members in it vote in the minority.
2. It is to have no power to make peace or war, or to act in "matters arising from a state of war."
3. It can have no naval or military forces, nor do anything in "the defence of the realm." Therefore the Militia and Volunteers will be under the "general Government" at London only, and the Irish Legislature will not have the power of a State in the American Union to appoint the officers of its Militia, to train the Militia, nor even to "engage in war," when "actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."
4. It can make no treaties, take no notice of relations between different parts of HER MAJESTY'S dominions, "or offences connected with such treaties or relations." It must do nothing inconsistent with the Foreign Enlistment Act or with extradition treaties.
5. It can give no titles of honour—as in the American Union, where, by the way, the restriction is common to the State and Federal Governments.
6. It must not touch "treason, treason-felony, alienage, or naturalization," so that no wounded soldier of Irish freedom out on a ticket-of-leave can be elected to the Legislative Assembly.
7. Trade, quarantine, and navigation are out of its power; but it may regulate the shipping on the lake of Killarney, and its harbour regulations shall have force as long as they do not affect the three things to which harbour regulations usually apply—namely, trade, quarantine, and navigation. It is thought that the Irish Legislature will be competent to order bum-boats to be painted green, and perhaps to regulate the storage of spirits.
8. It must not build a lighthouse, or place buoys, except in so far as it is authorized by a "General Act of Parliament."
9. It is to have no power to meddle with coinage, legal tender, weights or measures. The Irish mint (Oh! shade of The Drapier) is not an exclusively Irish matter.
10. Neither are "Trade-marks, merchandise marks, copyright, or patent rights," with which this SANCHE

PANZA of Legislatures is neither to make nor meddle in its island of Barataria.

Whatever poor SANCHE may do in contravention of these restrictions is null and of no effect.

Here the Doctor stopped to take breath, and then went on to a fresh list of restrictions:—

1. The Irish Legislature must not do anything "respecting the establishment or endowment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Its Church is not an exclusively Irish affair, apparently. The Church in Wales is; but that is a different thing. The Irish are less worthy than the Welsh, or they might want to endow, and not to destroy.
  2. It must not impose any disability or confer a privilege on account of religious belief—or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, of which one member is to be an Irishman, will look to it.
  3. It must not prevent any one from establishing any denominational school or charity.
  4. Nor compel any child to listen to religious instruction of which it does not approve. Schools, charities, and religious teaching in Ireland are not exclusively Irish affairs.
  5. The Irish Legislature must deprive no man of the protection of the law in life, freedom, or property. Its framers have so much trust in its virtue as to think the restriction necessary.
  6. It is to keep its hands off corporations not being corporations "raising, for public purposes, taxes, rates, cess-duties, or tolls, or administering funds so raised," which, being interpreted, means that it is not to be subject to the temptation of possessing power to pillage the city or landowning Companies.
  7. It is not to deprive Cornish and Scotch fishermen of the right of fishing on the Irish coast.
- So long, in fact, as the Irish Legislature does not in any way touch the Crown, meddle with peace or war, maintain armed forces, make treaties, grant titles, alter the law of treason or naturalization, build lighthouses, take any notice of coinage, legal tender, weights, measures, trade, trade-marks, copyright, the Church, denominational schools, charities, and hospitals, does not enforce religious teaching, do anything which may be described as a denial of legal right (of which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council sitting in London, and containing one Irishman, shall be judge), meddle with corporations, or endeavour to keep its sea-fisheries to itself, it may do what it pleases. But we are too hasty. In other parts of this endowing Act, it is forbidden to dissolve the Constabulary, refuse pensions to civil or police officials, or pass a land law during a term of years. It must not tax or levy its own customs or fix its own excise. Truly a more limited monarchy hardly could be. And this is the length to which the trust of the Cabinet in Irish virtue will go. We hope that the Irish feel flattered.

#### FALSTAFF.

WHATEVER have been the shortcomings of our nineteenth century, it cannot be reproached with unkindness to its veterans. On the contrary, it seems to possess the power of endowing a surprising number of them with perpetual youth. In almost all departments of life there have been septuagenarians (to say the least) all in harness, all keeping pace with the times. Chevreul, Meissonier, Tennyson, and Gladstone are only a few of the names which science, painting, poetry, and politics have on their roll of vigorous old age. And music has not been behind them. Wagner at the age of 68 produced his noblest work; Verdi his finest tragic opera at 73, and his first representative comic opera at 79. Musical historians have been wont to point to the production of the *Creation* and the *Seasons* by Haydn, when just past the age of 60, as the greatest feat by a composer of advanced years. But this record has within the last twenty years been easily beaten.



Yet between Haydn and Verdi there is a certain analogy. Both men moved on with the times, both took care to learn from the best of their juniors, both determined to keep their minds young, and to sympathize with, rather than to hinder, the progress of new ideas. In one respect the parallel ceases. Haydn's touching couplet—

Hier ist alle meine Kraft,  
Alt und schwach bin ich—

cannot with any semblance of truth be endorsed by Verdi. His body is as sturdy as his intellect, his ideas are still fresh, his workmanship still sound. It is hard to believe, when listening to *Falstaff*, that it is not the work of an impetuous young man in the heyday of life and the fulness of strength. No failing of imagination is apparent anywhere; none of the prolixity which might reasonably be expected from a man of his years, and which would be pardonable in so melodious a writer. All is short, concentrated, forcible, and, what is still rarer, absolutely new. The gradual change of style which grew on Verdi through *Don Carlos* to *Aida* and the *Manzoni Requiem*, and which blossomed out in *Otello*, has advanced a step further in *Falstaff*. It would be unfair to deny that this last and most striking development is the result of the influence, personal and poetical, of Arrigo Boito. In him the composer, for the first time in his long life, found a collaborator at once worthy of his genius and incentive to its tendencies.

That *Falstaff* is more advanced in the principles of its construction than *Otello* is obvious. In the tragedy there were some few passages where the libretto was subordinated to the music—where there were fragments capable of being detached from their surroundings, and of being in some sort so performed. Not so in the comedy. The music is here made simply the vehicle for illustrating the poetry, without any regard to its own effect. The result in Verdi's hands is a complete success. It is a work, not only of the highest art, but also of invariable beauty. It would be impossible to point to a single blot upon the musical charm of the whole; no false effect is gained by the insertion of one page of beauty in several of ugliness. Just as in *Otello* brute force is never made to do duty for strength, so in *Falstaff* flimsiness never takes the place of delicacy. The underlying principles of both operas are unmistakably those which guided the composer of *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*. Indeed, in his application of them to his comic opera the Italian has gone a step further than the German. There, however, the resemblance ceases. The foundations are the same; the superstructures are of wholly different stamp and style. What Wagner accomplishes by means of fixed leading motives, Verdi produces by the colouring of his orchestration and by the interchange of rhythmical figures. In Wagner the music, though continuous and devoid of full closes, is yet capable of being carved into smaller fragments for concert use. In *Falstaff* there is an advance; for, though it abounds in full closes, the performance of excerpts is a sheer impossibility. The only point lacking to the ear is the presentment of some easily-identified feature which would at once rivet and rest the mind of the listener. The almost incessant rush and foam would be the better appreciated for an occasional pool of deeper and gentler current. With that reservation adverse criticism ceases. It is a matter of greater difficulty to know where to begin the catalogue of its numerous virtues; for hardly a page is without its gems of beauty, whether in the vocal or in the orchestral setting. Yet there is not a single song or conventional movement, and each scene must be taken as a whole. The orchestra is, as in Wagner, the main pivot of the whole, but Verdi has succeeded by the charm and smoothness of his vocal writing in masking his orchestral batteries. He has treated the human voice with as much care as the more mechanical wind instruments which support it. Even in this respect alone the score is a lesson, as well as a pleasure.

The libretto is, needless to say, of the first rank; close and rapid in dramatic action, clear and facile in diction, rich and finished in poetical charm. So versed is Boito in stage-craft that the piece could be played in dumb show without leaving the audience for a moment in doubt as to its drift. So concise its design that, with the exception of a short passage near the close, there is not a single situation of undue length. Apart from the genius which inspires so many of the original lines, the student of Shakespeare cannot fail to admire the almost verbally literal

translations of the English text where the author has made use of it, and the archaic flavour by means of which he has infused the spirit of the period into the drama. His knowledge of Italian literature is profound, but his learning never crystallizes into pedantry. The condensation of the original is accomplished without strain and with consummate taste. By the omission of the second visit of Falstaff to the Merry Wives, the scenario, at any rate from an operatic standpoint, gains in brilliancy. The inventions of Boito himself, such as the concealment of Fenton and Anne Page behind a screen in the scene of the buck-basket, are invariably justified by success. Especially fine is the sonnet in the second scene of the third act:—

Dal labbro il canto estasiato vola  
Pe' silenzi notturni e va lontano  
E alfin ritrova un altro labbro umano  
Che gli risponda colla sua parola.

Allor la nota che non è più sola  
Vibra di gioia in un accordo arcano  
E innamorando l'aer antelucano  
Con altra voce al suo fonte rivola.

Quivi ripiglia suon, ma la sua cara  
Tende sempre ad unir chi lo disuna:  
Così baci la disista bocca!  
Bocca baciata non perde ventura,  
Anzi rinnova come fa la luna;  
Ma il canto muor nel bacio che lo tocca.

Worthy this of the countryman of Michael Angelo. Abundant instances could be given of his facility in all kinds of complicated rhythms, and in combining them for the purposes of musical ensembles. Not infrequently the nine characters are simultaneously singing different verses, all of which fit together so naturally as to seem simplicity itself. It is scarcely necessary to add how Verdi has handled them. The clearness of his vocal nonets rivals that of the poetry to which they are set. The ensemble at the close of the first act is perhaps the finest specimen of the series. In the setting of the sonnet, quoted above, and in that alone, the composer has fallen short of the height attained by the poet.

The monologues, of which there are no less than three important examples, are one and all impressive and convincing. Falstaff has two—the already famous speech about honour (which at the first performance fell curiously short of its expected effect upon the audience, and that from no fault of the music); his soliloquy over his sack in the third act, which, equally fine in detail, is even more powerful than the first—and Ford's more melodramatic outburst at the close of the first scene of the second act, which is in many ways the best of the three, and was undoubtedly the best sung. The most charming numbers in the score, to musicians, will certainly be the short love duet between Fenton and Anne Page in the first act, and the solo and chorus of the Fairies in the final scene. The love music is just what it should be in such a comedy—playful yet tender, devoid alike of overdone sentiment and of excessive warmth. The most original and startling feature of novelty is reserved for the finale. Falstaff simply saying, "Let us finish the play with a chorus," all the principal characters advance to the footlights, and embark upon a fugue, and a very genuine and masterly fugue, too, with all the devices of a contrapuntist, lit up by the melodic charm of the Italian nature. It may safely be said that no composer has ever before dared to close a comic opera in such a fashion; a sly suggestion, perhaps, on the part of the veteran that his juniors should master their technique before they rush into publicity. Novelties are generally imitated, and it will do Young Italy no harm if it tries (even through failure) to follow the master in his good-humoured and healthy learning.

The orchestration is a marvel of originality in these days when every one more or less writes well for the band. Many effects are wholly new, but there is no extravagance in the fun which Verdi has unrestrainedly drawn from his various instruments. All, from the piccolo to the cymbals, have their jokes to make, but all are in good taste and in their proper place. The performance of the Scala band under Mascheroni was above praise; at times delicate as lace, at times powerful as artillery, but always a support and never a hindrance to the singers. Of the vocalists, the men were far superior to the women. Pini-Corsi, as Ford, made a most favourable impression both as singer and as actor. Gabri, who possesses a tenor of very pretty quality (which will rapidly disappear if forced),

was admirably suited to the part of Fenton. Falstaff, one of the most arduous rôles in the *répertoire* of the stage, was in the hands of Maurel. To do it full justice would require what the world unfortunately does not just now possess—a Lablache. Such a level Maurel could scarcely hope or be expected to reach; but we can, at any rate, be thankful to him for a performance which was both intelligent and careful. If the Maurel of ten years back had been the singer, the vocal result would have been far more satisfactory; but that is no fault of the artist. Time will thin quality and restrict range, be the vocalist ever so scientific in his production. His declamation was quite first-rate, no word was lost in the vast theatre, and his phrasing, when the music lay within his compass, quite admirable. As an actor he avoided farce so carefully as occasionally to fall into the opposite extreme; a fault which is vastly preferable to excessive buffo. His make-up was too young, probably from a misreading of Boito's line:—

Io sono ancora una piacente estate  
Di San Martino.

The tawny wig and beard with which he replaced the traditional white was as much out of season as the occurrence of St. Martin's summer in September. The part of Mrs. Ford did not gain its full effect in the hands of Emma Zilli, whose voice is of somewhat harsh quality, and who, in common with all the other ladies, had forced her vocal cords into a persistent and irritating tremble. The best of the *mezzi-soprani* were Pasqua and Guerrini, who took the parts of Mrs. Quickly and Mrs. Page. Stehle, who acted Anne Page charmingly, sang best in the last act, and improved on her first appearance in the second performance; but her voice is scarcely powerful enough for the Scala. The *ensemble* was excellent. So smooth a *première* has rarely been seen, thanks mainly to the indefatigable composer who insisted upon having some forty-two rehearsals.

The scene in the Scala was brilliant, and the reception of the work emotional in its enthusiasm. It was a memorable evening, which will long live in the hearts of those who were privileged to be present. It cannot fail to affect in the best and healthiest way the rapidly rising school of the country. Words and music are alike the creation of men the foundations of whose work are laid upon the rock of close study and deep learning. Two such examples can scarcely fail to keep the younger and less temperate spirits from the quicksands of unsound workmanship and flimsy realism.

#### IMPERIAL POSTAGE.

A DEPUTATION from the Postal Committee of the Imperial Federation League had an interview with the Postmaster-General a fortnight ago, with the object of pressing upon him, in view of the anticipated adoption of the penny rate for over-sea letters, that such a rate should in the first instance be applied only as between countries within the Empire, and that a special and distinctive "British Empire" stamp should be introduced for this service. The view of the League, of course, is that the adoption of special rates of postage applicable throughout the Empire, and not beyond it, would constitute a means of cementing, and at the same time mark the fact of, Imperial unity. That is a sound enough view, and, quite apart from the benefits to be expected from cheapening means of communication everywhere and to all countries, one which the Imperial Federation League is clearly within its province in putting forward. Mr. Arnold Morley's reply was disappointing inasmuch as he did not admit the premiss from which the deputation started, that the adoption of the penny rate for over-sea or any other letters was in the immediate contemplation of his department or of the Government. It was encouraging, on the other hand, not merely from the sympathy expressed with the Imperial idea underlying the suggestions of the deputation, but, more practically, from the extreme weakness of the arguments with which Mr. Morley had been furnished for declining, at present, to move in the desired direction. Formerly the Post Office used to shelter itself, against the onslaught of those who strove to prick it into action, behind "insuperable" financial difficulties; and then, as that plea grew too weak to stand alone, "insuperable" administrative difficulties were invented or imagined. Now both these are unconditionally surrendered. The Post Office has come to the last ditch, and that turns out to be "insuperable"

difficulties raised on behalf of some of the colonies. That these difficulties are no more insuperable than their predecessors can readily be shown, and we propose to show it here; and even if they were more real than they are, it is no mean advance to have heard the last of the bygone insuperabilities that have done duty heretofore. The deputation of the Imperial Federation League is to be congratulated on having been the means of eliciting this formal recantation from the spokesman of the Post Office.

As to the nature of the colonial difficulties that are said to stop the way, it is not necessary to follow the Postmaster-General through the historical account of the postal relations of England and her colonies from the Year One with which he regaled his hearers. It is enough for the moment to know that, whereas down to 1890 no such objection could have been raised, the Post Office did in that year, for the sake of getting the Australasian colonies into the meshes of its dearly beloved Universal Postal Union, deliberately tie, or thought it tied, the hands of this country for, at any rate, a period of six or seven years from that time, in such a way as to preclude our lowering the rate of postage to those colonies, if we so desired—and most people do very much desire. At the Colonial Conference of 1887 an authority of the department spoke of "twelve years of persistent pressure" having up to that time failed to induce the Australasian Governments to come in. Persistence, however, with the aid of a concession made at the unheeded expense of the interests of this country, was eventually successful, and in 1891 Australasia joined the great International Postal Union. The concession in consideration of which, as Mr. Morley tells us, those colonies agreed to join was a guarantee that until the next quinquennial Congress no change should be made either in the sea-transit rates (paid by the postal administrations for the carriage of their mails) or in the 2½d. rate of letter postage charged to the public. There was another condition attached—that the colonies of Australasia, being represented as a unit by a single vote in the Convention, should be allowed to establish among themselves postal tariffs lower than those fixed by the Postal Union Convention. This latter is a reasonable position enough, and we have nothing to say upon it save that what is sauce for the Australasian goose ought also to be sauce for the gander—to wit, the United Kingdom and other portions of the Empire represented together as a unit on the Convention—but of that presently. Now, if the Australasian colonies had only had conceded to them the right of maintaining the 2½d. rate at their own end, there would not have been much ground of complaint. But the view of the bargain accepted by our Administration has been that we on this side were equally precluded by it from reducing the postage from our own end on letters going to Australasia. This view is certainly untenable. But what are we to think of a department that, for the sake of no benefit to this country or to the Empire at large, but for the pedantic object of securing a general conformity with the system of which it had made a hobby, so gratuitously gave away the interests of the people of this country, with which interests it is primarily and especially entrusted?

It is said by apologists of the Post Office in this matter, though this alternative ground was not taken by the Postmaster-General on the occasion referred to, that, even if there be no legal obligation restraining the Post Office from reducing the outward letter rate to Australasia, yet we are morally bound by the undertaking entered into not to reduce it on our side, because to do so would be to put pressure on the Australasian Governments, virtually compelling them to follow suit. We cannot recognize the force of this argument. The Australasian Governments only stipulated against any change of rate being imposed upon them from outside which would involve them in loss of revenue, by compelling them to impose a lower rate. Under existing arrangements, each country keeps its own postages. The adoption, therefore, of a lower rate on the English side would not affect the receipts of the Australasian offices. We are entitled to do what we will with our own. They can follow suit or not as they like. It is a matter for their own people to decide. Their Governments might, quite possibly, have their hands forced by their own public. But the people in Australasia, likewise, are entitled to do what they will with their own, and it is no business of ours to assist the Post Offices of the colonies in withstanding the will of the public they serve. It is too often lost sight of that even England has rights. There is



a tendency to ignore altogether the interests of the not inconsiderable number of British subjects dwelling in the United Kingdom, and to sacrifice them without a thought, as the Post Office thought it did in 1890, to a little pressure exerted in the interests of the favoured classes who inhabit the colonies. Moreover, the latest "insuperable" objection to a reduced Imperial postage is based upon the assumption that Australasia is the Empire. We may remind Mr. Morley and his advisers that this is not strictly the fact. Granted, for the sake of argument, that there does exist an insuperable obstacle in the case of Australasia. But that obstacle, which was put forward as an all-sufficient reason for doing nothing in any direction at all, affords no ground whatever for not doing something in respect of other portions of the Empire outside Australasia. At the conclusion of Mr. Morley's recent statement Mr. Arnold-Forster, who introduced the deputation to him, asked the very pertinent question whether the right enjoyed by the Australasian "unit" to adopt lower than Postal Union rates among themselves was equally enjoyed by the other portions of the Empire constituting a unit represented by the General Post Office in London; as, for example, the United Kingdom, Singapore, Mauritius, and a large number of other British possessions. The reply of the Postmaster-General was that he should think clearly that this was so. Very good. Then upon his own showing the "insuperable" obstacle about Australasia is no obstacle at all, as regards a large portion of the Empire.

It is clear enough, indeed, upon the law and practice alike of the Postal Union, that as between such countries in the Empire as those just referred to, and for the matter of that between, say, Great Britain and Canada (though separately represented), which are able to exchange postal matter without the intervention of the services of a third State, there is nothing to prevent the adoption of special rates of postage lower than those of the Postal Union. Even as regards Australasia itself, there is nothing to prevent the penny rate being adopted at this end, the argument relied upon by the Postmaster-General, that the reduction must be mutual, being demolished by the established practice to the contrary between various other countries in the Postal Union. We observed that a "large and influential deputation of members of Parliament" was announced, shortly after the interview we have been dealing with, to be about to wait upon the Postmaster-General, under the leadership of Mr. Henniker Heaton. Somehow (perhaps the reason is not far to seek) nothing more was heard of that deputation, though time and place were circumstantially announced with all the air of an authorized statement in the public press. The Post Office has never—and we cannot affect to be surprised—shown the same disposition to be communicative to Mr. Henniker Heaton that the Postmaster-General evinced in the presence of the deputation of the Imperial Federation League. It evidently lies with some members of the House of Commons belonging to that association to follow up their success.

#### THE FRENCH IDEA OF RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL.

IN the "hacking" days of Rugby football we should not have expected France to take up the most popular of winter pastimes. But in these times, when the game has reached such a high standard of refinement, when half-backs, who play offside (or what at Eton is in better English better described as sneaking) and indulge in sundry other practices which are not enticing, are awarded international positions, the French have thought Rugby Union football sufficiently light and piquant for their own vivacious temperaments. A week or so ago a Parisian team drawn from the Stade Français and the Racing Club played two matches at Richmond and Blackheath. They were content with tackling the smallest fry. The Civil Service Club, a most estimable body of gentlemen, produce better civil servants than football players; indeed, their position in the Rugby Union community is very low; while of the Park House team, to whose skill the French owed their second defeat, little has ever been heard. But they awoke on Wednesday morning to find themselves emerged from oblivion and credited with a victory over France. International football is thus not confined to the matches between England and Scotland and "gallant little" Wales.

There was quite a spring afternoon for France v. Civil

Service, so that six thousand spectators gathered at Richmond Athletic Ground. The French colony turned up in force. The best thing to be said of our foreign guests is that they are good sportsmen. Were they all possessed of the ability of M. Reichel, the captain, the side would win many matches. But, apparently, he is their only player worthy of the name. There was many an honest outburst of humour at the French Rugby Union football. Kicking, as the word football suggests, is the first essential of the game. Of this the French proved themselves totally ignorant. And apart from the kick pure and simple, the "drop" and the "punt" were equally absent from our visitors' play. Their only merit is their speed; while by their agility they are able, perhaps, to lay claim to some kind of praise for effective tackling. But in this latter respect their tactics would not be efficacious against a fairly good side, for they go too high for their man. The Frenchmen's idea of football would be described from their recent play as follows:—Tuck the head down on the possibility of forming a scrummage, directly the play opens grasp the ball, run hard a little way, and then throw it indiscriminately, trusting to luck for it to be secured by a friend, and not a foe. And it was at this kind of work that the crowd laughed so heartily. Humour lent more enjoyment than anything else to the game from a spectator's point of view, though the Civil Service were polite enough only just to scramble home, and it may be noised abroad that the French were almost triumphant over England in a game so much English as is football. Rugby Union football, to tell the truth, does not seem well fitted for the French. Their excitable nature will not allow of their forming a well-packed scrummage, of their backs calmly passing or kicking, or of their men waiting to catch the ball. The side was in a state of ferment, rushing hither and thither, from beginning to end. Rugby football requires coolness and promptitude, in fact, plenty of head and practice. We would advise our French friends to try the Association game, where they will find a round ball much easier to kick, and where their fine speed would be of greater profit.

#### THE "PURE SCOTCHMAN" AND THE KIRK.

THERE is an old French proverb, "*Fier comme un Ecossais*," which one representative of the nineteenth-century Scot has forgotten. Had he remembered it, he would have modified his style of attack on the oldest and most characteristically national of Scotch institutions. The Church, like the wine, of the country has a flavour of its own, which may not suit the stranger's palate, but which appeals to the national sentiment, and "the stirring memories of a thousand years." Except among the most rabid sectaries of the Free and United Presbyterian "bodies," there is a kindly regard for the Kirk; among its own members there is a very warm attachment to it. To disestablish it may be the heart's desire of the political dissenter; but even he knows the popular feeling too well to treat the Kirk with disrespect—to "lightly" it, as the countryfolk would say. Mr. Gladstone, who, when occasion served, used to speak of the Northern Establishment in decorous terms, has of late ignored this popular feeling, and thereby has committed a tactical blunder which, even at the age of eighty-three, he may live to rue. His Suspensory Bill is only the consummation of a course of contumelious treatment of the Scotch Church which has profoundly disgusted Churchmen, and irritated the national sentiment of all classes of pure Scotchmen. None of his tergiversations affords more singular evidence of capacity in facing about than his management of the Church question in Scotland. When he first referred to it, in 1879, he complained, with righteous indignation, that the Tories "insinuated" that he was capable of a design "to smuggle the Established Church of Scotland out of existence." Scandalous insinuation! In proof of its injustice, he appealed to his dealings with the Irish Establishment, with his resolutions carried in the House of Commons, the dissolution upon the distinct issue of Disestablishment, and the Bill introduced only after the whole country had pronounced its opinion on the question. "Even in the case of the Irish Church," said he, "which was far weaker than that of the Scottish Church, there was a dissolution expressly on the case. The verdict of the country was given only after a full trial and considera-

tion; and this is what the Church of Scotland fairly and justly asks." Again, in 1883, he argued, in Edinburgh, that it would require a "long series" of disestablishing resolutions carried in Parliament to justify any Government regarding these "as conclusive of the opinion of Scotland," and that a member's vote for Dr. Cameron's anti-Church motion was not to be regarded, unless he had been specially "elected on the Church question." All this looked fair enough. It allayed the suspicions of Churchmen; it secured the votes of those who, except on this question, wished to support the member for Midlothian. But in 1890, looking eagerly about for help, from whatever quarter, which might bring him back to power, Mr. Gladstone bethought him of buying the Scotch Dissenting vote for Home Rule by the sacrifice of the Kirk. He denounced as irrational the idea that Scotch Disestablishment should follow the Irish analogy he had himself adduced. He declared that the whole affair need not occupy more than two hours of the time of the House of Commons; and finally, in last July, he deliberately announced that, if he had ever said that this business could not be fairly taken up, except after an election "based on that issue," he must have been mad. "I should have been mad, if I had said anything of the kind. I never did say anything of the kind." And then he, characteristically enough, tried to lay the blame of the universal belief that, mad or sane, he had said so on the "casual inadvertence of friends of mine who undertook the very difficult task of editing four volumes of speeches made in Scotland." Unfortunately for the success of this ingenious attempt, however, he forgot that he had himself certified the perfect accuracy of the reports which these friends had edited. He made the now repudiated statements in November 1879. In March 1880 he stated at a meeting in Edinburgh:—"It is a debt I rejoice to pay publicly that, when the speeches made by me here were sent to me for correction, I did not find one single error." This sort of turning his back upon himself, coupled with his superciliously contemptuous tone about the Church, was resented. And now, to revive the resentment, comes the announcement of a Suspensory Bill—stuck in at the end of the Queen's Speech—which coolly proposes to sterilize every appointment to a living in the Kirk from the date of its passing. It is to prevent "the acquisition of a vested interest in any public funds at present enjoyed" by the parish ministers. This is tantamount to arresting all elections to vacant parishes; for in Scotland the right to the emoluments is constituted solely by the ordination and induction which follow election. If there is to be no continuance of vested interests, it therefore follows that no vacant charge can be filled up. The people may, possibly, elect a minister; but his right to manse, glebe, and stipend is suspended, and he must starve or live on charity. The Scotch—as a pure Scotchman might have foreseen—think this treatment of their National Church dishonest and insulting. And they are perfectly right. It is the last flout; and even the Dissenting Radical, to whom Mr. Gladstone is greater and goodlier than Wallace, Bruce, Burns, Balfour of Burley (Sir Walter's), and Dr. Rainy, rolled into one, does not venture to commend it openly.

#### PIED PIPERS.

*HIBERNIOR loquitur*: "D'ye remember the two pike Kenneth had in his aquarium now; the big one and the little one? Well, I went one morning, with m' first pipe on me, to have a look at 'um; and (be anything!) if one of 'um wasn't after swallowing the other! And the most ixtromry part of it was, 'twas the small fellow was outside!" The bearings of this fish-tale lays in the application on it.

Once upon a time the Folk-Lorelei was a very enticing kind of lady-beast, but the frog in one of her fables—everything that is is now hers—was a mere ox compared to the leviathan proportions to which the Siren has since puffed herself out. Into her expansive omnivorous whale-bone maw she now gulps down all other fish, flesh, and fowl, and good and bad red-herring; swallows all mythologies whole—as the three men did the American oyster—and does her best to make believe that she is every thing and body, and everything and everybody else too. It is Kronos devoured by his own children; Josephine *vendant ses seurs*, and making a very good thing out of it.

Here, for example, is one of her infinite forms, Mrs. Eliza Gutch to wit, in *Folk-Lore*—another, and by no means the worst of her concrete avatars—who, in a pleasant and lady-like paper from which every link of logic is missing, believes in the Hamelin poem, believes the legend true and local of the actual Hameln—for has she not been to Hameln?—and tells us with folk-simplicity that "it was nothing that was not commonplace," for "imps continue to rush after men, of whom the Pied One is the type"; where we are perhaps to surmise some homely Cockney allusion to the street-bratlings that dance round the nasty organ-grinder. The disappearance of pipe, piper, and piped into the Koppenberg or Calvaria outside the town is admirably explained by "the misreading of Calvaria, a praying-station [if this sort of thing didn't get written now and again, the literary life wouldn't be worth living] as *cavaria*, a hollow place or cave, of which I saw an instance during the preparation of this paper." Nevertheless:—"Whither Piper and children went, when they vanished from the sight of the two watchers into the Koppenberg, it is at this time impossible to determine. The leader gained a start, gained it in a day when electricity could not head a fugitive. . . . It is as likely as not that the wily fellow doubled as soon as the lie of the land furthered his purpose, came down to the river [Weser], and, by pre-arrangement, was able to use it as a silent highway on which the children passed easily, with the current, to some district beyond the hue and cry." And so forth, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Of course, the already familiar legend that Mr. Browning scarce knew he was making famous when merely outdoing Southey's *Bishop Hatto* is not confined to Hameln. Forms or scraps or resemblants of it belong, leastwise, to Lorch, Brandenburg, and Ispahan; in a Sicilian tale (Gonzenbach collection) a pipe compels all who hear it to dance; there is an enchanted pipe in the old English tale (Thomas Wright) of the Frere and the Boy; it becomes the bugle of Oberon in Huon of Bordeaux, or a magic fiddle in other French and German fairy-tales. And the folklorists seem to forget that

Johnny was a Piper's son,  
He fell in love, and away he ran;

(just like somebody's music-hall sweetheart—how many years ago!—with that "nasty organ-grinder")

And all the tunes that he could play  
Was "Over the hills and far away";

which may give the necessary "clue" for that "hue and cry" above.

Here and now must not be thrown away the most distant allusion to Orpheus, or Amphion, or Pronomos, or the "pipings of the reedy Pan," or the well-ground music of the spheres; be it merely pointed-to that the Hamelin version perpetuates the "vesture piebald"; at the same time referring itself, in folk-tale phrase, to the year thirteen hundred and fast asleep: for the dates, of course, "won't add up." Suppose one takes the sleep, and therein looks backward through the fourteen centuries, "and a few days more," till he find one Dionysius, named of Halicarnassus, writing down in the Eternal City his *Roman Antiquities*. He had not got to the nineteenth heading of his second book before he had to mention the imported worship of the Great-Mother Cybelé; and it is safe to say that few ancient or modern writers on that same subject have left that very chapter unmentioned; although, for a school-boy's (and a schoolmaster's) reason, it cannot be as safely asserted that no writer on the Hameln business has had any inkling whatever of it. There Dionysius recorded that by a law or *senatusconsultum* (which could not have been very old when he wrote) native Romans were then forbidden to join in the Asiatic public ceremonies of this Phrygian goddess, or to go in procession through the streets, dressed in pied robes—adjective, *poikilos*—to the modulation of the *aulós* or pipe.

Dionysius was likely enough to know all about this worship, for his (and Herodotus his) Halicarnassus—now Budrun of the diggings—was not so very far off the situation of Pessinus, which was the very hub of Cybelé's cult. (*Obiter*. In the same anterior Asia Minor, too, lay Troadian Sminthé, of Apollo and the mice, or the rats, or what you please.) Of course the Phrygians claimed to have from time immemorial invented the pipe, to which Marsyas wrote the music; and it is certain that their priests of Cybelé wore spotted robes, and tootled the pipe, jangled the triangle, clashed the cymbals, and



thumped the tambourine, in the Salvation band of her processions, which were followed by the populace. Here are pied pipers enough for all the local and folk legends that ever survived, and an actual Roman law forbidding the following of the pied piper.

But this Roman business was carried further, and fared worse; for, when the youthful Elagabalus once again brought the same worship, black stone and all, with him—this time from Syrian Emesa—to Rome in A.D. 218, the Senate itself, no longer proudly prohibitive, masqueraded meekly in pied robes behind the pied pipers in this imperial and divine procession of the Megalesia. Here we get a trifle of three or four centuries nearer to the Hameln times; though it is true that the black stone was sent home to its friends at Emesa after Elagabalus had been murdered in 222. It is not impossible to go back even a step or two further, and account for the pied or spotted robe, or stola, from the pious customs of the priests of Cybelé, who were supposed, in their ages of faith, to have hacked at themselves and each other with knives, even to the drawing of blood, in the transports of their devotions. Add on the inevitable pious frauds—practised even to this day in similar erratics by Moslem dervishes—and we straightaway get the ready-made “blood-stains,” the “marks of violence” (and the same with intent to deceive) of the maculated garments, of the motley that was the pipers’ wear. Be that as it may or may not, the Pied Piper, beyond all manner of doubt, did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets, and was there followed by the multitude, in the worship of one of the greatest of the great deities of the Pagan world, shortly before, and also shortly after, this our era began.

All which is, with due and timeous humility, submitted to the Folk-Lorelei’s watery fairy majesty; who, in sooth, if she desire—but she disdains—to extend her pedigree, should read up the other Asian mystery of Hylas—prettiest in the *Argonautica*.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE American panic this week cannot have surprised the readers of this journal. For months past we have been warning them that something of the kind was inevitable, since the currency crisis was sure to cause distrust, and so render it impossible for those who were operating on a great scale with borrowed money to continue their transactions. And it was not difficult to foresee that amongst the first the coal combination would break down. Sooner or later, under the most favourable circumstances, it was bound to fail. It was a combination amongst railroad Companies, whose chief business is the conveyance of anthracite coal from the mines to the great towns, to regulate the output and the price; and it was clear that that could not be done for any great length of time. The Philadelphia and Reading Company entered into arrangements, not only with the other Companies but also with the coal-owners, which no Company could be powerful enough permanently to carry out. And Mr. McLeod, the President of the Reading Company, made grievous mistakes, which rendered his early failure a matter of certainty. From the very first the combination at whose head he stood was looked upon as an enemy by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; but the Vanderbilt interest, as it is called, was powerful enough to prevent the Pennsylvania from taking actively hostile measures. Incredible as it may sound, Mr. McLeod went out of his way to attack the Vanderbilt interest by invading its territory in New England. He was remonstrated with and warned, but he and his supporters proved obstinate, and thus he made enemies of the two greatest railroad Companies in the United States—the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. To cap all, he quarrelled with Messrs. Drexel Morgan, the bankers, who a few years ago reorganized the Philadelphia and Reading when it was in a state of bankruptcy, and made it possible for it to enter upon the policy that has now broken down. It is an open secret that Messrs. Drexel Morgan were opposed to the payment in cash of the interest on the Reading Income bonds, which was distributed a few weeks ago. They pointed out that, although the traffic returns showed that the Company was in a position to pay the interest, yet as a matter of fact it had not got the money. It had conveyed the coal from the mines to the markets, but it had not succeeded in selling it, and therefore the bankers urged that the interest should be paid in scrip, not in cash. Mr.

McLeod, however, was stubborn. He borrowed three millions of dollars at a very high rate of interest, pledging very valuable securities, and he distributed the money as interest. When he had done so, he was called upon to make other payments in pursuance of contracts with mine-owners and bankers into which he had entered, and the money was not forthcoming. The currency crisis of itself would have been enough to render bankers unwilling to increase their advances to him; but the policy he had entered upon of quarrelling with such Companies as the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, and with such a great banking institution as Messrs. Drexel Morgan, immensely increased the unwillingness. The knowledge of all this led to sales of Reading securities on a very great scale. As soon as they began every holder was anxious to realize on the best terms he could, alarm spread through the market, the credit of the Company was further weakened, and it became impossible to get accommodation anywhere. Ultimately Mr. McLeod and his friends had to agree to an application for the appointment of a receiver, and so it may safely be concluded that the coal combination has collapsed. The Lehigh Valley Company appears to be supporting the Reading, and so it is probable that it will attempt to maintain as much as possible of the combination. It is also reported that great capitalists have been buying Reading securities in immense quantities, and that practically the control of the Company has passed out of the hands of Mr. McLeod’s friends. But it may safely be predicted, nevertheless, that a renewal of the combination is impossible. The public in the United States has been opposed to it from the beginning. The Governments and Legislatures of the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania have looked upon it with an unfriendly eye, and proof has now been given that it has been impossible to sell the coal raised at the prices fixed by the combination. The demonstration seems complete that the whole policy is an utter failure, and it is incredible, therefore, that others will try to renew it. In the meantime, the panic is causing widespread distrust, and so is aggravating the currency crisis. The losses must be very heavy, how heavy nobody can yet say, and the uncertainty will make every one less willing to trust his neighbours. It will be well, therefore, for investors to act with great caution and to prepare for further accidents.

The panic in New York and the apprehensions excited by the Currency crisis are having a certain influence upon our money market. It is not known as yet, of course, what the consequences of the panic may be; but it is plain that the losses have been very great, and, as the number of American bills discounted in London is very large, it is at least possible that some of the drawers of these bills may be unable to meet their engagements. But the main cause, no doubt, of the advance in rates is the collection of the revenue. In the present quarter a much larger proportion of the revenue is got in than in any other three months of the year. The result is a transfer to the Bank of England of a large amount of money usually at the disposal of the other banks. Consequently the rate of discount in the open market has risen to about 2 per cent., and at the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, the banks charged Stock Exchange borrowers from 2½ to 3 per cent. The supply of loanable capital in the open market was found to be so scarce that some applications have had to be made to the Bank of England. About the middle of next month the payments out of the Exchequer will begin to exceed the receipts, and the mere revenue payments will then cease to appreciably influence the market; its course afterwards will depend upon events in the United States.

The price of silver rose at the end of last week to 38½d. per oz., but it declined on Tuesday to 38¾d. per oz., and on Thursday to 38½d. The demand for India is still very large, and will continue to be so, according to all probability, for a couple of months yet. But the market is really in a very unsettled state; events in the United States may at any moment cause a serious fall.

The Stock Exchange has not been as much affected by the panic in New York as it would have been at almost any other time during the last quarter of a century. Happily the proportion of American securities now held in this country is smaller than it has been perhaps in the lifetime of the present generation, for holders have been selling continuously for about two and a half years. Of course investors hold a very large amount of American stocks, and

speculative operators have not quite got rid of their holdings. But the stocks held upon borrowed money are unusually small at present. The losses caused by the panic, therefore, will fall chiefly upon Americans, for the Continent has been selling as well as our own people. Naturally, however, prices here followed the fluctuations in New York. The panic, so far, has been mainly confined to the stocks of those Companies in some way or other connected with the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, to the stocks of the Northern Pacific Company, and to industrial shares, a shareholders' committee having made in a report very serious charges against the management of the Northern Pacific. Other American securities have not fallen as much as under all the circumstances might have been expected. Europeans, as already said, are not as largely interested as usual, and they do not venture even to sell speculatively upon a great scale. In New York every effort was made by the great capitalists interested to support the rest of the market. There have been large purchases of the depreciated securities made in London, but that was done not by the investing public, but by great capitalists connected with the United States. The apprehensions excited by the course of events in America have weakened all departments of the Stock Exchange, and the Home Railway department has suffered as well. At the fortnightly settlement on Wednesday it was found that the "bear" account had been nearly closed. Stock consequently was more plentiful than it has been for a considerable time past, and therefore speculators had to pay rates for permission to postpone the fulfilment of their purchases. The market, as a consequence, is weaker than it has been. Even the international department has given way somewhat, in spite of the efforts of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna to support prices.

There are good grounds for hoping that the threatened strike in South Wales will be averted. The Miners' Federation has exerted itself very strongly to induce the South Wales miners to stop working; but the local leaders wisely recognized that the time is not favourable for a serious dispute, and their influence would seem to be powerful enough to prevent it. A majority has accepted the employers' terms, and though a minority protests, it is to be hoped that the settlement will be carried out. Meantime the Federation is recommending a general stoppage of work all over the country. The long-continued Lancashire strike may come to an end at last. The operatives offered a compromise in the form of a reduction of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in wages for three months, when another arrangement would be made. The offer was decisively rejected by the employers, and a fresh meeting arranged between the representatives of the workpeople for Thursday broke up without coming to a decision.

There is very little change during the week in high-class securities; but, upon the whole, colonial stocks are somewhat lower. Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half closed on Thursday at  $102\frac{3}{4}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Queensland Three and a Half closed at  $87\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; and Victoria Three and a Half closed also at  $87\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall of 1. Home railway stocks are likewise somewhat lower. North-Eastern Consols closed on Thursday at  $157\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; Caledonian Undivided closed at 120, a fall of 1; Great Eastern closed at  $81\frac{1}{2}$ , also a fall of 1; and Brighton "A" closed at  $149\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . The chief changes have, of course, been in the American market, and especially in the securities of those Companies more or less connected with the coal combination, in Northern Pacific securities, and in industrial shares. Industrials are not dealt in at all in this market, and some of the Companies, like New England, are likewise not quoted. Reading Ordinary shares closed on Thursday at  $14\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as  $9\frac{1}{2}$ ; Reading First Income bonds closed at  $55\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $12\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Reading Third Income bonds closed at 30-2, a fall of as much as 20. Northern Pacific Preferred, again, closed at  $44\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall of  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . In sound dividend-paying shares, on the other hand, there is little change; neither is there much in good bonds. But the speculative shares have all given way. Erie shares, for example, closed on Thursday at  $23\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . The Preference shares closed at 54, a fall of 2, and the Second Mortgage bonds closed at  $106\frac{1}{2}$ , also a fall of 2. Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific securities have declined. Argentine Railroad securities are likewise lower. Buenos

Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 75-7, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 116-8, a fall of 1; and Central Argentine closed at 67, a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Argentine Five per Cents. of 1886 closed at  $64\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; but the Funding Loan closed at  $64\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . In International securities there has been exceedingly little change. French Three per Cent. Rentes closed at  $97\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Italian Fives closed at  $92\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Spanish Fours closed at  $63\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Bank of Ireland stock closed at 300, a fall of about 15 during the week.

#### THE GOLDEN WEB AT LIVERPOOL.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the new comic opera which was produced at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, last Wednesday week by the Carl Rosa Opera Company; for it is the last work for the stage written by the late Arthur Goring Thomas, whose tragic death nearly a year ago is still fresh in the memory. Though a few of the numbers had to be orchestrated by another hand, the opera was left practically completed, and the success which it won last week can only raise fresh regrets that the pen which wrote it is for ever laid down. In its original form, *The Golden Web* was begun so far back as 1887; but difficulties with regard to the libretto caused various delays in its production. As it at present stands, the lyrics are the work of Mr. Frederic Corder, himself a musician of repute, while the dialogue has been considerably rewritten and added to by Mr. B. C. Stephenson. The story is rather involved, and would bear compression and simplification. It deals with the adventures of a certain Miss Amabel Bullion, who is married in disguise by a Fleet parson, Dr. Manacle, to a young spendthrift, one Geoffrey Norreys, with whom she is in love. She adopts this device, partly in order to save Geoffrey from a marriage which he is about to enter into in order to secure a legacy which will become due when he marries, and partly to secure herself from an old beau, Lord Silvertop, whose attentions her father wants her to accept. Geoffrey does not know whom he has married until the end of the opera, when he has atoned for his faithlessness to Amabel by protecting her from an attempted abduction by Lord Silvertop. An underplot is afforded by the wooing of Amabel's aunt, Pamela, by Lord Silvertop's valet, Smug, disguised as a gentleman, on the discovery of whose real character she succeeds in marrying Lord Silvertop himself. The dialogue is decidedly redundant, and is apt to throw the music too much into the background; but, with considerable cutting, the book has the makings of an amusing piece. The lyrics are extremely weak, and it is remarkable that the composer should have succeeded in setting them so well as he has done, though occasionally it is evident that the work has been an effort to him. The music is, of necessity, of a much lighter character than that of Mr. Goring Thomas's earlier operas. In only one instance—the Finale to Act II.—has he at all approached the style of grand opera; the rest of the work belongs entirely to *opéra comique*, as understood by the best French composers. Modest as the dimensions of *The Golden Web* are, it contains much that is charming and worthy of the composer of *Nadeshda*; its inequalities arise principally from the defects of the libretto, but many of the numbers are delightful in their grace and charm of melody, while the scoring throughout is admirable. It was curious that at the first performance some of the best numbers made comparatively little effect, while encores were demanded for others of less merit. This was probably owing to the personal popularity of the artists with the audience, the broad and humorous style of Mme. Amadi (Pamela) and of Mr. Arthur Wilkinson (Smug) being evidently much to the taste of the Liverpool gods. Among the best numbers are the tenor song in Act I., "Fly, summer, fly"; the Quintet, "Thus do I the bride invest"; Pamela's ditty, "I knew a love-song" (encored); the opening Chorus and Ballet in Act II.; a clever song and ensemble for Lord Silvertop, "A youth once loved"; the Finale to Act II.; the opening Chorus in Act III., and a little love-duet, "Where is the lover's rest?" in the same act. The performance was, on the whole, very good. Miss Esty sang and acted well as Amabel, and Mme. Amadi made a sufficiently comic Pamela. Mr. Aynsley Cook's Dr. Manacle would have been better if he had known the words



of his songs; the Smug of Mr. Wilkinson, the Lord Silvertop of Mr. Lempriere Pringle, and the Bullion of Mr. C. Campbell were all excellent; and Mr. Wareham's Geoffrey, though his vocal method is not very good, was above the average stage-lover. The opera was well mounted, and orchestra and chorus, though the former was sometimes rather rough, were creditable to the reputation of the company. The introduction of a ballet at the end of the second act must, however, be strongly censured. Respect for the intentions of the composer ought alone to have prevented such an entirely uncalled-for intrusion, even if the management did not perceive how much it injured the dramatic situation. As it was, the Finale was quite robbed of its proper effect, and the commonplace ballet music by the conductor was entirely unsuitable and out of keeping with the rest of the work. When *The Golden Web* is produced at the Lyric Theatre, it is to be hoped that Mr. Sedger's good taste will not allow such an error of judgment to be made.

#### THE YACHT-RACING SEASON.

THE launching of Mr. Carroll's 84 footer, which was successfully accomplished last Saturday in America from the famous yard of the Herreshoffs, reminds us of the approach of a yachting season of an importance hitherto unequalled. Since 1851, when the *America* won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, there have been numerous contests between the old and new countries for the sailing championship. But the vessel that is built of sufficient sturdiness to adventure the Atlantic passage is at a notorious disadvantage when pitted against a rival whose construction demands no such solidity. According to designers on both sides of the Western ocean, the present rating rules of both England and America have a tendency to produce machines rather than the desired "wholesome type" of yacht, and, under their provisions, comfort has to be sacrificed to speed. On the other hand, a yacht that can cross the Atlantic must at least be reckoned seaworthy, and that she should be worsted by a stay-at-home machine takes much of the sting out of defeat. During the coming season, however, no such unsatisfactory conclusion will be possible; if Mr. Carroll's sloop be beaten in English waters, and Lord Dunraven's cutter in American, we can at least cry quits; but if the victory fall on both sides to the same nation, there can no longer be any question as to her claim to pre-eminence for the time. The prizes on either side are of nearly similar importance, and their defenders will be about equally numerous. A certain amount of glamour, it is true, attaches to the *America* Cup, because it has been the symbol of supremacy on so many occasions; but the creation by the New York Yacht Club of a new set of conditions as to its tenure has deprived it of much of its original importance, and a large number of British yachtsmen who have consistently refused to recognize this "new deed," are still dissatisfied with the modified arrangement under which Lord Dunraven's challenge has been accepted. On our side Mr. Carroll has entered his yacht for no less than three challenge-cups, two of which—the Cape May and Brenton Reef—were brought back from the States by the *Genesta*, and the other is a costly gold cup, which was first offered two years ago by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club of Ryde to encourage international competition at a time when it seemed as though the "new deed" had rendered impossible any further contest for the *America* Cup.

To defend these three trophies against the Herreshoff visitor three new yachts of similar length are now being built after the plans of three different designers, in addition to the challenger for the *America* Cup. It is as yet undecided whether Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* shall enter the lists against Mr. Carroll's *Navahoe* on this side of the Atlantic. It is true that, if she is defeated in her own waters, it will be of little use for her to cross the Atlantic; but such a consideration may well be overruled by such others as that Mr. Carroll's defeat is of equal importance with the winning of the *America* Cup, and that skipper, crew, and gear will be all the better for a series of preliminary contests. The three others will be the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, designed (as is the new *Valkyrie*) by Mr. G. L. Watson, and being built at Henderson's, the birthplace also of the *Thistle*; Mr. A. D. Clarke's *Reverie*, now in hand at Fay's, after a design of

their foreman, Mr. J. M. Soper; and a Fife boat, as yet unnamed, for a Clyde syndicate headed by Mr. Donaldson. This last is being constructed at Messrs. Inglis's yard, owing to the difficulty of launching so large a craft across the beach at Fairlie. As in the case of the *Thistle*, the utmost secrecy is being observed as to the shape and style of each of the four. Rumour, however, asserts that the *Reverie*, and at least one of the Watson boats, will be without a centre-board; the Fife boat is, of course, well nigh certain to lack this appendage. Considerably more information is at hand as to Mr. Carroll's craft, which is fitted with a steel-plate weighing between eight and nine tons. With this down, she draws no less than 25 feet of water. In appearance she is stated to closely resemble the famous *Gloriana*, which was, however, a keel-boat. Before she can be raced under Y.R.A. rules, an alteration must be made in the regulation which prohibits the use of anything except manual labour in the working of any part of a yacht's gear. In Mr. Carroll's new yacht a small hydraulic lever is employed for the purpose. Over in America, without counting Mr. Carroll's, three new first-class yachts have been ordered. Mr. Morgan, late owner of the *Gloriana*, and the newly-elected Commodore of the N.Y.Y.C., is responsible for one; Mr. Paine, son of General Paine, for another; and the third will be owned by a syndicate of which Mr. Rogers, of the *Wasp*, is the figure-head. All these will be of Herreshoff design, and it is not improbable that at least one of them will tend much more closely to the machine type than does the racer just launched by the same builders for Mr. Carroll. There is, therefore, little to choose between the preparations now being made by the two countries. The chief difference lies in the fact that we are setting three different designers against a single firm.

The time has come to enter a protest against the new-fangled system of selling a yacht, but retaining its name for a new vessel that may be of different size, design, and even rig. This caprice is likely to lead yachting men of the future into endless confusion when discussing the merits of historic boats. What would be the result on the Turf if each horse on being sold was expected to change its name, its former title going to another animal owned by its vendor? Yet this is how the yachting world is now being treated. In the forthcoming Mediterranean regattas the *Queen Mab* will contend against the *Deerhound* and the old *Valkyrie* under new and unrecognizable names. It is difficult, when speaking of the performance of the German Emperor's purchase in the last contest for the *America* Cup, to know whether to write *Thistle* or *Meteor*. It is to be hoped that the Scotch syndicate who are to own the new Fife boat will not again choose their national emblem for her designation. Both Lord Dunraven and Mr. Clarke intend to call their new vessels by the titles of their former yachts, although they have nothing in common save their ownership. So, too, *Varana* is now disguised as *Maid Marion*, the former *Maid Marion* (a yawl) has become *Anaconda*, and the original *Anaconda* something else. One can understand the desire of an owner to retain his distinguishing flag, which is practically his racing colours, but there seems no conceivable reason—unless it be economy in writing-paper—for transferring the name as well.

Both the *Meteor* and the *Iverna* will race against the new boats during the season, unless they be found completely outclassed, which is not at all improbable. There may thus be no fewer than seven 120-raters taking part in the regattas along our coasts. The 40-raters will also be a good class, well up to the standard attained in the past two seasons. Two new boats are being built to wrest the supremacy from the *Queen Mab*, which has been sold to the owner of *White Slave*. These are the *Vendetta*, for Admiral Montague, by the same designer (Mr. Paine) as his *Corsair*, which is in the sale-list, and a yacht, as yet unnamed, now being built by Messrs. Hansen of Cowes, for Mr. John Gretton, jun. The *Varana* is also likely to be raced throughout the season; but the *Thalia*, who has been sold to Ireland, will only compete in her own waters. The twenties will also be strongly represented with at least four new boats, one of which, by Watson, is for Lord Dunraven, and another, by the same designer, for Mr. Hill, who has led the class for several seasons past with his invincible *Dragons*.

## THE THEATRES.

THE return of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to the stage after an absence of nine years, and the revival of a play which enjoyed much well-deserved popularity in its time, would in themselves suffice to make the new programme at the Garrick remarkable; but, in fact, without these incentives to general interest, the performance by itself is one to arouse and maintain the enthusiasm of a public capable of appreciating a very high standard of acting. Admirable as were the previous performances of this play, both on its original production in 1878 and on its revival at the Haymarket in 1884, the present representation can in no sense be considered to fall below its predecessors. To-day we have still with us Mr. Bancroft's masterly interpretation of Orloff, with his suggestion rather than expression of deep feeling. It is eloquent rather in what the actor allows you to see than in any merely passionate utterance. Mr. John Hare's Beauclerc is a no less noteworthy piece of acting. In the earlier scenes he is trim, precise, alert, nothing more; but with the deepening interest of Orloff's declaration character of a more determined kind makes its presence known. For some time Beauclerc scarcely utters a word, but the consummate art of the actor is apparent in the subtle change in the demeanour of the man, and when he speaks, every word enforces attention and respect. As a specimen of Mr. Hare's lighter style, his control of the scene of the Countess's detection and confession is perfect. As in 1884, Mr. Forbes Robertson is the Julian. Here his earnest romantic style stands him in excellent stead. It may be doubted if Mr. Robertson has ever done anything better than this. His young-loverly style is always pleasant to see and hear; but it is in the conflict of emotion, in the stress of doubt and fear, and in the anguish of growing certainty, that he is irresistibly pathetic. So, too, with Miss Kate Rorke. Much delicate pathos underlay her portrayal of the proud, sensitive young girl, whose ill-defined position exposes her to constant libertine insult; but her opportunity came in the terrible scene when the young wife's pride revolts against the idea of explanation or defence, and in the despair which overwhelms her when she finds her husband gone. In this display of varied and agonizing passion Miss Rorke was nothing less than superb. Mrs. Bancroft's bright, vivacious humour found delightful expression in the part of Lady Henry Fairfax. Anything more exquisitely droll than her imitation of the rusty mechanical figures on the clock at Berne, a passage specially interpolated, it would be hard to imagine. Miss Olga Nethersole gave an extremely touching picture of the shame and humiliation of the Countess Zicca in the last act. It would be impossible to give Mr. Cecil higher praise than to declare that his Stein is the same highly finished performance as of old. Lady Monckton was a capable Marquise, and Mr. Gilbert Hare a pleasant, unaffected Algie.

It has been suggested more than once that Mr. Ibsen in some of his later works has been making solemn fun of his more enthusiastic eulogists, a course which their unremitting determination to find nothing but superlative genius in his most casual and least significant utterances would seem in a great measure to justify. It would be hard to account for *The Master Builder*, produced at a series of matinées at the Trafalgar Square Theatre this week, on any other supposition. We shall not give an account of its plot, which belongs rather to our review columns than to this. The humour or the pathos or the symbolism of it, whatever it may be, is far fitter for the quaint denizens of Alice's Wonderland than for quasi-serious representation on the stage. Oddly enough, Mr. Herbert Waring and Miss Elizabeth Robins managed to invest those extraordinary creatures, Solness and Hilda, with life, though not with meaning. The former was cunning, tender, morose, fearful, and eloquent by turns; the latter was loud, outspoken, and energetic. That there was a distinct spice of unpleasantness discernible is not to be wondered at, considering what was intelligible of the characters to those unable to supply them with an allegorical key. Without such a key the whole work is simply a distracting jumble of incoherent elements. There is no story; the characters are impossible, and the motives a nightmare of perverted finger-posts.

In *The Strike at Arlingford*, produced by the Independent Theatre Society at the Opera Comique on Tuesday night, Mr. George Moore has hardly done much in support

of his contention that the arts of the novelist and the dramatist are identical. This, or perhaps rather that the power to write a good novel involves the ability to construct a good play, is what, we believe, he proposed to prove when he undertook this play under certain terms with Mr. G. R. Sims. Such proof was not seriously to be expected by any reasonable being; but, truth to tell, it is not only in the undramatic treatment of his subject that Mr. Moore fails to attain success. The story itself is not such a work of art as we have a right to look for where the author has been left untrammelled by conventional bonds. The characters are pallid, anemic caricatures of humanity. John Reid, the poet and agitator, who leads the strike at Lady Anne Travers's mines, is a poor sort of creature. The author, no doubt, intended to display his weaknesses; but these so far predominate over any virtues he may be said to possess that his final suicide is welcomed as the only possible relief from his own frailty. It is but momentarily that he commands any appreciable measure of respect. It is impossible to believe in the sincerity of the man who, having had his heart broken by Lady Anne when he was her father's secretary, engages himself to the fanatical Socialist, Ellen Sands, only to betray her, and, under the thinnest disguise, the cause they are both fighting for, the moment Lady Anne whistles him back again. A strong man under great temptation from a woman he loved strongly might have paltered with his honour in the matter of the anonymous cheque sent to maintain the strikers; but his yielding would have had a dramatic significance wholly wanting in the case of John Reid. The character of Lady Anne is by no means satisfactorily defined; but at the best she is a selfish coquette, and can claim the sympathy of none. The advance of Socialism may produce an Ellen Sands; but we doubt it. We have certainly not yet made her acquaintance. The most reasonable, the best drawn, part, and the one provided with incomparably the best dialogue, is the Baron Steinbach, a shrewd financier, who deserves a better fate than to be tied to the Lady Anne for the remainder of their joint lives. It was, no doubt, with a certain degree of deliberate intention that Mr. Moore has written a dialogue which is essentially novel dialogue, as distinguished from dramatic dialogue. An ordinary stage-manager would have taken delight in excising it in pages, more particularly the disquisitions on Socialism and kindred subjects. It is, perhaps, in the introduction of these, rather than in any bold originality of plot, that *The Strike at Arlingford* differs from the conventional acting play.

## "PLUS ÇA CHANGE," &amp;c.

["He (Mr. Gladstone) had secured beyond all change the gratitude of the Irish people."—*From a speech of Mr. Sexton's.*]

["The one unchangeable passion in the minds of Irishmen towards England is the passion of hate."—*From a speech of Mr. Sexton's.*]

WE do not dispute it; we know that you mean it;  
You need not confirm it on oath.

We're believers alike in your hate (we have seen it)  
And love: we believe in them both.

Nay more: we believe in them both as unchanging,  
No less so, in fact, we discern,  
Than that queer apparatus of Nature's arranging  
By which you discharge them in turn.

Those remarkable taps! those unparalleled conduits,  
O Irishmen! born with the two,  
Are there any perverse ethnological pundits  
Who doubt their persistence in you?

We look for no time when the stream of affection  
Will fail its appropriate spout,  
Or the hatred "laid on" by the other connexion  
Refuse, its tap turned, to flow out.

Unchangeable? Ay, as the nature that fashions  
The malleable heart of the Celt,  
With its constant succession of transient passions,  
All equally fleeting, and felt.



You would love us? Perhaps: with the reins hanging idle,

And Ireland a runaway horse.

But the least lightest touch of the Westminster bridle,  
And then you would hate us of course.

"I love you, I love you! I hate you, I hate you!"

Who knows not that varying cry  
Of the wife who by turns will caress you and rate you,  
Alternately coax and defy?

But what does the husband such helpmeet possessing

In wedlock for better or worse?

Dismiss her, forsooth, with a conjugal blessing,  
Which time will convert to a curse?

Will he summon the family lawyer, and then say

"Your deed we are ready to sign,

We accept separation *a thoro et mensa*,  
And ruin—her ruin and mine."

Or, being a husband of sense and of spirit,

Would this be not rather his tone?

"Our fortunes, whatever my failings or merit,  
Are now indivisibly one.

"It is Fate has so made them. Not Eve was to Adam

More bound by eternal decree;

And you must accept it, dear changeable Madam—  
Yes, you must accept it with me.

"And whithersoever in future our way be,

'Twill end as our journey began;

So hate me, my lady, as little as may be,  
And love me as much as you can.

"I should greatly prefer that John Anderson's matching

Were mine as life's pathway we trod;

But loving or hating, but kissing or scratching,  
We'll tread it together, by God!"

## REVIEWS.

### NATIONAL LIFE AND CHARACTER.\*

IT is some considerable time since we have read a book on politics with anything like the interest which has accompanied our reading of Mr. Charles H. Pearson's "forecast" on the subject of National Life and Character. Not, let us hasten to say, because it is a cheerful book, or a book to be recommended to the main battalions of Mr. Mudie's subscribers. The latter would, we fear, pronounce it "dry"; as to the former point, Mr. Pearson's not very cheerful German motto might be translated into an English invitation to

Sit upon the ground

And tell sad stories of the deaths

of most things that deserve to live. But the book is extremely well written; it displays an acute intelligence and a wonderfully wide range of political information (as to which we can say nothing impolite except that it exhibits a rather too implicit reliance on statistics); and its value is increased tenfold by a consideration of the personality and history of its author. Mr. Pearson, it may be just necessary to remind a forgetful world, is one of the most distinguished of those University Liberals whose youth coincided with the first University Commissions, and who were born early enough to share the confidence of Liberals of the middle of this century that abolition of tests, weakening of the power of the Church, and general adjustment of all things to the standard of a doctrinaire Liberalism would do, they did not exactly know what, but would, at any rate, be worth the doing. After a successful career at Oxford he sought, for reasons of which we have no information, the purer and more democratic air of Australia and became a Minister in Victoria. Nor did he at Oxford itself, as too many of his contemporaries did, waste in University politics and common-room discussions his abilities and his information. His *History of England in the Early and Middle Ages* displays, whatever agreement or disagreement it may meet with, the scholarship of an exact education, and the intelligence of more than ordinary parts.

When, therefore, such a man takes in hand to consider the present and probable future condition of national character and

life, we cannot but be animated with the highest hopes. The undertaking of such a thing by persons of the opposite persuasion to Mr. Pearson's in politics and theology is beset by the danger that foregone conclusions will be imputed. We know that these advocates of lost causes will see everything in black, and some of us (not, perhaps, all) are so certain of the conclusion that we omit to consider how far it is justified by the premisses. But here we have a man whose whole history, training, and thought dispose him to regard the actual without prejudice, or with prejudices only in favour of it. He has held—he still seems to hold—that to crush *l'infâme* is the first object of life. He has lived, and lived with distinction, in a world which has long shaken off caste and tradition, and has attained, some unimportant externals excepted, the purest expression of democracy. He does not appear to regret or repent any step of his past life; and his studies and his mental habits are such as to qualify him (a slight tendency to hasty generalization and rash acceptance of statistics excepted) to give the clearest and fullest views of the great time that is and the greater that is coming.

And would anybody like to hear, without further ceremonies, what Mr. Charles H. Pearson, Fellow of Oriel, Minister of Education in Victoria, &c., &c., says about the actual and future state of the world? He takes a view so hopelessly discouraging, so almost unmitigatedly grim and wretched, so little relieved with anything except a faint final exhortation to endurance and stoical fortitude, that not the most pessimist divine, or philosopher, or politician—not Bernard of Morlaix, not Pascal, not Joseph de Maistre—could exceed it. It is not, let us hasten to say, that Mr. Pearson's picture is black to others and rosy to himself; not at all. He himself admits its blackness.

The contents of his 350 pages are too many and too various to be reviewed in the ordinary way, and his arguments, for the same reason, cannot be examined, or controverted, or endorsed, interesting as the process may be. Our best way will be to compose a sort of cento of summary and quotation setting forth his conclusions.

In the first place, when his introduction is finished, Mr. Pearson grapples with the notion that the higher races displace the lower. According to him, *il n'en est rien*. Some lower races perish before some higher; but the Chinese, the Hindoo, and, above all, the negro show not the slightest signs of doing any such thing. Moreover, the higher races simply cannot live in large parts of the world; while it is not yet proved that the lower cannot live in any. Result, partly stated, partly hinted: the higher races had better look out. Secondly, the State Socialism into which we are all drifting will include military absolutism; and everybody will be either the soldier or the civil servant of the State. It is rather to be hoped than assumed that this will prevent new conquests of the Tamerlanian kind. Thirdly, town life will more and more increase upon country life, and we shall be lucky if this does not debase both the physical and the moral standard. Fourthly (we are making each of our summaries an equivalent for a chapter), the State will replace the Church, and there may be "an enhanced national feeling"—this is Mr. Pearson's cheerfulness looking forward. Fifthly, the religion of the family will die out. Sixthly, character will decay—a phrase to which Mr. Pearson attaches a very wide meaning. He means by it that society will be "sensuous, genial, and frivolous," that the intellect will become more mechanical, that it is extremely improbable that any great scientific discoveries will reconcile reason and faith, or provide any substitute for the latter; that, while literature becomes more and more critical and less and less creative, criticism itself will suffer by the impairing of its standards. Oratory will disappear (this is a slight consolation). Life may be prolonged, but it will be infinitely less interesting. And so Mr. Pearson leads up to this cheerful peroration:—

"When the gods of Greece passed away with the great Pan, nature lost its divinity, but society was overshadowed by a holier presence. When Christianity itself began to appear grotesque and incredible, men reconciled themselves to the change by belief in an age of reason, of enlightenment, of progress. It is now more than probable that our science, our civilization, our great and real advance in the practice of government are only bringing us nearer to the day when the lower races will predominate in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements, when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate. Even so, there will still remain to us ourselves. Simply to do our work in life, and to abide the issue, if we stand erect before the eternal calm as cheerfully as our fathers faced the eternal unrest, may be nobler training for our souls than the faith in progress."

There may be some good people who will suppose that the book of which this is *l'envoi* to Prince Democracy is a sort of *jeu d'esprit* in the manner often tedious, more seldom not, of many well-

\* *National Life and Character: a Forecast.* By Charles H. Pearson. London: Macmillan & Co.

known books on the twentieth and other centuries. By this supposition they slightly wound our own consciousness of extreme rectitude and tolerable intelligence, and entirely misunderstand Mr. Pearson's temper. The generation to which he belonged were often men of humour in some ways, but they had a deadly seriousness in all that regarded their principles; and though Mr. Pearson apologizes for some who travestied and insulted religion, we are quite sure that he would regard it as an unpardonable sin to practise the ironic method in politics. Besides, there is absolutely no trace of irony except such as is unconscious. Each wise saw is amply supported with modern and other instances; the logical progression of the thought is impeccable; and though, of course, as Mr. Pearson elaborately shows in his introduction, guesswork must always be guesswork, it cannot be denied that experience already justifies great part (we think not all) of this unpleasant prophetic strain. Besides, it must be remembered that the whole book is little more than an expansion and justification of the famous warning of another Oxonio-Australian of seven-and-twenty years ago. When Mr. Lowe drew his picture of democracy with its thistles as forest trees, he had gone through much the same career as Mr. Pearson, and he had apparently even then come to much the same conclusions.

While strongly recommending to everybody who cares for these things the reading of the book, while admitting that its anticipation of the evils of democratic society exceed even what we, as pessimist Tories, should have forecast, while hinting a faint trust in the historical reluctance of mankind to acquiesce in the intolerable, and avowing a full readiness to be wiped out by John Chinaman or Quanko Samba, if that is the only means of relief from the dominance of the Fabian Society, we must end with a criticism suggested hardly less by the instance we have just cited of Lord Sherbrooke than by this of Mr. Pearson.

We have pointed out that Mr. Pearson belongs to the party which, in so far as anything but fate and metaphysical aid can bring about anything, brought about the state of things which he regards with scant affection, and so is responsible for the chance of that other state of things which he regards with frank, if resigned, disgust. But the curious thing is that, just as Mr. Lowe never apologized for his early Liberalism, and would not lift his little finger to avert the catastrophe he had so eloquently denounced when the chance was offered him, so it never seems to occur to Mr. Pearson that he and his friends are in any way to blame for the evil time, present and coming, or that it is even now, at the eleventh hour and fiftieth minute, time for them, and their duty, to join those who are still struggling to save the world. On the contrary, he seems to review the past with a comfortable sense that it was all right. In one place, if we mistake not, he does actually so review the steps taken and approves them, not merely as in the circumstances inevitable, but as desirable and right in themselves. His whole book is a laboured, and to a great extent a successful, attempt to prove that the substitution of the State for the Church, the decay of the family, the equalization of rights and privileges, the dominance of industrial organizations, the great increase of population, and so forth, will destroy character, weaken the interest of life, kill genius, favour only the lower races and individuals, obliterate by degrees all that is noblest, most precious, rarest, best worth living for; yet he is imperturbably sure that it was quite the right thing to enlarge the suffrage, to allow a legal status, and practically a free hand to Trade Unions, to impair the authority of husbands and fathers, to abolish class distinctions, to vulgarize education. His paradox is quite different from the old one; he abhors the end, but delights in the means. He views with horror the roof about to fall in, but he feels a glow of honest joy and pride when he thinks how he helped to pull down the pillars.

We could wish for no severer satire on one of the most respectable, one of the most deluded, and one of the most mischievous classes of politicians in history, the English University Liberals of the second third, or the second and third quarters, of this century. They were, as a rule, quite disinterested. They had no Utopian dreams like the men of the century before, and did not expect a new heaven or a new earth from the reforms they promoted. But from sheer doctrinairism, from a sort of inherited tradition that the power of the Church and the aristocracy ought to be broken, that "combination" ought to be allowed, that if A has a vote B ought to have one, that education is a blessed boon, and so forth, they deliberately, persistently, and for years worked at things the results of which the best of them now frankly acknowledge to be bad already, and to be likely to become worse. Yet they will not even now acknowledge themselves to have been wrong; they will not even now grant that "the fools were right," and they cling to their old dead doctrines, though the live fruit thereof is ashes and gall in their mouths. Always respectable,

often amiable, sometimes very able men, they have probably—let us repeat—done as much mischief as any set of persons who ever lived; and they seem to think it sufficient atonement to draw accurate pictures of the mischief they have done.

#### NOVELS AND STORIES.\*

THE three stories by Vernon Lee of which *Vanitas* is composed may be described as a kind of vision of the world's vanity. All alike are but variations of one theme, and are inspired by one artistic end. They treat of the martyrdom of the frivolous woman of the world, and the grievousness of it when, as in these incisive and clever studies, it is no willing martyrdom, as the superficial observer imagines, but a desolating and pitiable purgatory. Vernon Lee would claim the compassion due to these sufferers, while exhibiting the problem of escape in all its dire embarrassment and horror; and in all three instances she has accomplished the complicated undertaking with so delicate an apprehension of the issues as to command our unfaltering admiration. The serene, dispassionate critic, of the temper of Jervase Marion, the psychological novelist so divertingly portrayed in "Lady Tal," might impatiently urge that the way of escape for the frivolous was so very easy—if only he were subtle enough to discover any sincere desire for it. But is it? The brutality of open revolt is abhorrent to the proud sensitive Lady Tal. That way is beset with very substantial terrors for the charming Miss Flodden in "A Worldly Woman." You acknowledge that the sequel of this admirably-told story of Miss Flodden and the priggish young Socialist could scarce be other than it is, and find that the inevitable detracts no whit from the pathos of it. As to Mme. Krasinska, the third exemplar of Vernon Lee's theme, the merely shadowy suggestion of the suffering she undergoes in gaining redemption—which is all that Vernon Lee's artistic sense is willing to reveal—is only too much of a shuddering warning to more timid spirits. Perhaps the supernatural element in this story is somewhat imperfectly presented, or, at least, the conception of the author is bolder than the execution, yet it is a story of striking freshness and power. But all three stories are exceedingly clever.

*Pueris Reverentia* is something of a fable, of the farcical or extravaganza kind. It is also a story with a purpose, the purpose being, as the discerning reader will discover at p. 41, if not earlier, to associate classical learning with bigotry and priggishness, and knowledge of modern languages with all the virtues attributed to Berkeley by Pope. The argument for "no Greek," such as it is, is thus stated:—"If Greek and Roman schoolmasters had sneered at contemporary language, because people spoke it, and had made poor wretched boys discipline their minds by grinding for ten long years at Ethiopian or Etruscan because people did not speak it, where would now be Classical Language? The probability is that neither Plato, nor Tacitus, nor Virgil would ever have written a single line." The writer of this absurd proposition assumes that Greek and Latin are taught for no other reason than that they are not spoken—an assumption that is arrant nonsense. For the rest, if the literature of Ethiopia or of Etruria were of equal value to that of Greece or Rome, it is a pity those ancient schoolmasters did not set their boys to grind. Obviously, also, the author would persuade us—or there is no moral in his tale—that there must be some vicious principle in the classics and some virtuous principle in modern languages. The schoolmaster of his story is painted in odious colours. He is represented as a Cambridge man, a Fellow of St. John's, a distinguished scholar, and a most contemptible prig. He undertakes a tour on the Continent with a pupil, young Charles Tremlett, who had artfully lured him to the enterprise in order to avenge himself of a thrashing he had received at school. The master knows little or nothing of modern languages; the boy speaks French, German, and Italian like a native. Here was Tremlett's opportunity. The schoolmaster cuts a ludicrous figure on the journey. He is subjected to the most painful humiliations, and in proportion as he is made to appear a fool his pupil shines as a mirror of generosity.

\* *Vanitas: Polite Stories.* By Vernon Lee. London: William Heinemann.

*Pueris Reverentia.* By the Author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." Salisbury: Brown & Co.; London: Simpkin & Co.

*The Making of Laurence Westerton.* By Freke Viggars. London: George Allen. 1893.

*Mathew Redmayne.* A New Zealand Romance. By Oliver H. Growden. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

*The Story of a Child.* By Margaret Deland. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

*Renunciations.* By Frederick Wedmore. London: Mathews & Lane. 1893.

*Absolutely True.* Written and Illustrated by Irving Montague. London: Allen & Co. 1893.



Altogether, the modern side scores a glorious victory over the classical. The poor pedant capitulates. He betrays at length some traces of manliness, not wholly obliterated by the degenerative influence of a classical training, yet brought to the point of imminent extinction when the noble example of his pupil brings them to light. This happy result is by no means the most diverting, though perhaps the most incredible, circumstance in the whole relation. Circular tours and modern languages should certainly be warmly advocated by philanthropic promoters of model reformatories. The cause of University Extension might greatly prosper through the moral effects of such agencies.

*The Making of Laurence Westerton* is a romance that is decidedly Kingsleyan in spirit, yet something more than a clever pastiche. The hero, at the death of his father, is "left to self-sufficiency" and an income of some eighteen hundred a year, with good prospects of "making" himself at the Bar. But he had no love for his profession, was of a reserved habit, had few friends, and thought himself a thinker, whereas he was only something of a dreamer. Altogether, his development had been arrested. His immaturity, which is the key to his subsequent tribulations, was of a peculiar kind, and is neatly indicated when the author observes that he was old for his years as a boy, and as a man was over-boyish. If not actually adrift, he was disposed to drift, for lack of high purpose and definite convictions. Thus he was ripe for the surprise of the revelation of his spiritual deficiencies when he set out to visit the Dartmoor home of the family of an old college friend, where he is subjected to the bracing influence of the moorland air and the still more salutary companionship of the fascinating and beautiful Doris Trepincock. Miss Trepincock, by her charms and force of character, is like to make Laurence Westerton then and there. She talks of Toynbee Hall, and the East End, and working for others, as he deplores his aimless existence and laziness, until life begins to acquire a new meaning to him. Unhappily, he had proved that his "intense chivalry for all women" was not incompatible with "devotion to unworthy objects," from which dread complications spring when Miss Violet Vane suddenly arrives at the Dartmoor inn where Laurence abides. She comes like a ghost, a very fashionable and substantial ghost, to trouble joy. Laurence is altogether forgetful of his chivalry. He is furious, and sends the other lady packing, but not before Doris has seen them together and learned his secret. The crisis is powerfully presented in a strong and passionate scene. But Doris is implacable, and he is cast out of Paradise. Yet, though like angry Artemis she appeared, she loves him in the end, when he has proved his devotion by years of service in the East End. And when he has won her, it is written on the last page "the making of Laurence Westerton has only just begun," which is a little disconcerting of Mr. Freke Viggars.

*Matthew Redmayne* is by no means easy reading, owing to the story being built up in partitions, as it were, the relations of which are somewhat difficult to recall as the end of the constructive process is approached. In the first place, there is the confession of a distracted wife as set forth in a journal. Then "the author takes up the story" in a third part. Then we have the enlightenment of the hero, and after this four other sections. But to the lover of marvels and mysteries the story offers not a little that should spur him to the end. A mysterious crime is solved, for example, by means of a postage-stamp album which conceals a clandestine correspondence. The letters in question are written on the portion of the envelope occupied by the postage-stamp. We are not informed how it happened that these miniature letters were found to be legible. One of the characters propounds a pleasing theory of acting. After making the somewhat vague assertion that the actor "unconsciously takes upon himself the features of the part he represents," he proceeds to explain his views on the stage "villain" by way of example. "A conscientious actor," he remarks, "who sinks his own individuality and assumes that of a murderer—though there is no necessity of flying to that extreme, mind you—forces himself into the same frame of mind, and acts as a murderer would act; he is, I say, simply putting himself through a course of criminal education." Evidently this cheerful theorist knew nothing of the *Paradoxe*.

*The Story of a Child* is a book of singular power and charm. It is a study of imaginative childhood, with its wonderful capacity for self-torture, its infinite refinements of self-pity, its restless creative faculty, its wild enigmatic yearnings for the unspeakable, and its impatient scorning of material limitations. The revelation of these things is effected as with a master-key. The sympathy and insight are so delicate, penetrative, and intense as to suggest an intuitive process. The Chaucerian phrase "subtle-piercing" is the one adequate term that expresses the

peculiar quality of the charm. It is a fine circumstance of irony that the imaginative child of the story should have a precocious, shallow little worldling for her chosen companion. To Effie the serious and passionate attempts of Ellen to realize her imaginative ideas appear to be nothing but play. Ellen is just simply the "funniest girl" of her acquaintance. The association of the two is deeply pathetic and humorous as presented, the humour and the pathos of it being suggested with admirable art, blended indefinitely as the joys and sorrows of childhood are. The delightful scene, for example, where the two children worship and sacrifice to the bronze Buddha is but a momentary sport to Effie, though a dread and momentous matter to Ellen, who suffers agonies of remorse, and is convinced she has committed the unpardonable sin. When in disgrace with her grandmother and Betsy Thomas, the handmaid, she plans a saintly revenge, and broods luxuriously on her not impossible death, until in the fervour of her contemplation it assumes actuality, and she is aglow with the coals of fire she has prepared for her oppressors. In the like spirit when she determines to run away from home, she wonders what will be done with her "things," her little pet possessions, and draws up her will for their disposal, burning all the while with love for her imaginary enemies. There is not a touch of excess in the treatment of the extremely delicate and complex situation. One such touch, indeed, would suffice to imperil the foundations of the work, but we find nothing of the sort in this remarkable little book.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore's *Renunciations* are in no respect heroic. The first, and best, of the slight sketches in this slim volume—"A Chemist in the Suburbs"—tells of the romantic and inexplicable interest—it cannot be called passion—which the high-born Miss Beatrice Image displays with regard to Mr. Richard Pelse, a chemist who possesses a highly-developed æsthetic sense and a pretty collection of china. While Mr. Pelse is, in the flesh, dispensing drugs downstairs in the Orchard Street shop, his soul is in his drawing-room above with his Worcester cups and Chelsea shepherdesses. Miss Image is not even a collector. And Mr. Pelse, so far from renouncing her, is renounced of her. They meet by the shores of Lake Bourget, and set their little romance afoot by the unromantic baths of Aix. Then they separate to meet once more in the drawing-room of the chemist's shop, one wintry night when the Image family is away from home, and the fair Beatrice is free to soothe the enraptured chemist with the strains of Swarwenka's wild music on the piano. They part for ever, and the faithful Pelse worships his Image to the end of his desolate bachelorhood. "A Confidence at the Savile" and "The North Coast and Eleanor" are less notable altogether than the pretty romance of the chemist. Mr. Wedmore calls them "imaginative pieces," and if he had said "psychological," it were as blessed a word.

That the True is not the Beautiful, in fiction, is perfectly exemplified in Mr. Irving Montague's marvellous story of high life among criminals. The true story, in short, is once again found to be not the persuasive story. The atmosphere of unreality that clothes *Absolutely True* is unrelieved by a single piercing ray of actuality. His "swell" burglars are wondrous beings of the old *London Journal* type. Yet the story is by no means without diversion and cleverness.

#### PLATO AND PLATONISM.\*

"THE lectures of which this volume is composed," says Mr. Pater, in the preface to his *Plato and Platonism*, "were written for delivery to some young students of philosophy." It is not easy for the reviewer to guess what kind of young students these may have been. If they were undergraduates, then it might have seemed necessary for Mr. Pater to write with more appearance of system—to work out some theory of the relative dates of the Platonic Dialogues, for example—and generally to do more of what is expected in the schools. But it is hardly possible, on the other hand, to suppose that the lectures were delivered to the children of University Extension. They take for granted a very considerable knowledge of philosophy and history. They offer no intellectual pap, no Plato for young lady visitors to Oxford. Though Mr. Pater very justly regards Plato as a philosopher who is also an artist, a poet, who makes metaphysics picturesque, "philosophy being the supreme of Music," his style has no popular picturesqueness. Nothing can be less like the free and windy babble of the cheap rhetorician. Nay, on the other hand, we confess to having found that *Plato and Platonism* needed careful reading; not only because it is difficult

\* *Plato and Platonism*. By Walter Pater, Fellow of B.N.C. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

to put all Platonism into 260 pages, but also because Mr. Pater's sentences (as he says of Plato's) are long and are complex. As an example of this peculiar manner, we quote Mr. Pater's account of what the Sophists are supposed to have said to their pupils:—

"That so faulty natural tendency, as Plato holds it to be, in the world around them, they formulate carefully as its proper conscious theory: a theory how things must, nay, ought to be. "Just that," they seem to say—"Just that versatility, that mutable spirit, shall become by adoption the child of knowledge, shall be carefully nurtured, brought to great fortune. We'll make you, and your thoughts, as fluid, as shifty, as things themselves: will bring you, like some perfectly accomplished implement, to this *carrière ouverte*, this open quarry, for the furtherance of your personal interests in the world." And if old-fashioned principle or prejudice be found in the way, who better than they could instruct one, not how to minimize, or violate it—that was not needed, nor perhaps desirable, regarding what was so useful for the control of others—not that; but, to apply the intellectual solvent to it, in regard to one's self? "It will break up,—this or that ethical deposit in your mind. Ah! very neatly, very prettily, and disappear, when exposed to the action of our perfected method. Of credit with the vulgar as such, in the solitary chamber of the aristocratic mind, such pre-suppositions, prejudices or principles, may be made very soon to know their place."

The gist of *Plato and Platonism* is to show how much of Plato's thought is due to previous philosophers; how he was influenced by Socrates; what his main object was—namely, to found something stable in the Heraclitean flux of change and revolution; how his poetic nature was naturally disenchanted by the Absolute;—stable, no doubt, but also colourless and empty;—how he made metaphysics picturesque, and what manner of ideal State he had in his mind. To most of those who read Plato at all, he is probably welcome as an artist rather than as a philosopher. He might have written comedies or tragedies, perhaps; he did write a few pretty epigrams. Mr. Pater thinks that "he would have been an excellent writer of fiction." What a pity that he did not produce the *Waverley* Novels of Greece, instead of wasting himself on *Somnia Pythagorea*! However, we must take Plato as we find him.

Mr. Pater's first lecture on "Plato and the Doctrine of Motion" shows Plato's mind seeking, like the dove, a point of rest in the Heraclitean flood of endless change—cosmical, intellectual, social. "Plato and the Doctrine of Rest" shows Plato's argument towards the Eleatic doctrines which disprove, by the well-known quibbles, the possibility of motions, and relegate all true Being to the One.

The One remains, the many change and pass.

The Absolute, the One, is "suspended in the midst of nothing like a hard transparent crystal ball."

Life, "like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

Plato was too fond of life and of the dædal spectacle of things to take pleasure in the Parmenidean One. He has "to find a compromise between the One which alone really is, yet is so empty a thought for finite minds, and the many which properly is not, yet presses so closely on eye and ear, heart, and fancy, and will at every moment." Therefore he makes the One picturesque, vital, and enjoyable, by the Theory of Ideas, such as the Beauty, Truth, Justice, Courage, and the rest. Here (Lecture III. "Plato and the Doctrine of Number") he is influenced by Pythagoras, about whom we know so very little. He is spoken of as a Thaumaturgist, who could lecture in two places at once (useful gift!), and his Golden Rules, if they be really his, are only a string of folklore and of taboos. But in Number, it seems, he found the musical law of things—an opinion in which he would have been confirmed had he been acquainted with recent chemical discoveries. Plato's "Theory of Ideas" is but an effort to enforce the Pythagorean *népas* with all the unity in variety of concerted music." From Pythagoras (who probably got the notion from savage metaphysics) comes the theory of metempsychosis, with all that it implies in Plato's system. The very Theory of Ideas is familiar to the metaphysics of savages, who, in North America at least, believe in archetypes of things existing somewhere, "the Fathers of Things," and who recognized in the first donkey they saw "the Father of Rabbits." Just as the stuff of all our poetry, our epics, and romances has descended to us from the savage life, so has the stuff of our metaphysics. Mr. Pater partly recognizes this (p. 153), "the modern anthropologist would rank the Platonic theory as but a form of what he calls 'animism' "—which is not a very well-chosen word, leading, as it does, to a good deal of confusion. Mr. Pater's Fourth Lecture is on "Plato and Socrates." Proceeding from the *Apology* and *Phædo*, as more o

less accurate accounts of the Master, Mr. Pater supposes Plato to have polished and improved on the original, "rude and rough as some failure of his own old sculptor's workshop." "All that is best and largest in his own matured genius he identifies with his master," and no doubt Socrates was more like the teacher described by Xenophon than the Platonic agent in dialogue.

As Dr. Johnson hoped never again to hear of the Second Punic War, so we could dispense with our old friends the Sophists. However, Mr. Pater conscientiously examines them in his Fifth Lecture. They were worldlings of the world, and Socrates preached unworldliness. They were a kind of crammers, dealing with appearances; Plato wished to be concerned with reality. They were *philosophes*, and he was a philosopher. As to the Genius of Plato (VI.), Mr. Pater says, in his own way, what everybody says, that Plato was at least as much of an artist as of a sage—"a personality of a certain complication." He was also "a lover," and, *sur le retour*, he fell in love with abstractions, which he made beautiful, picturesque, visible to the mind's eye. Plato was "a lover of temperance, as it may be seen, as a visible thing—seen in Charmides, say, in that subdued and grey-eyed loveliness 'clad in sober grey,' or in those youthful athletes" with whom we are familiar. In fact, Plato was, naturally, a poetic genius, whom he would have expelled from his own ideal city. He is, on the other side, more or less attracted towards a kind of Buddhism; he combines his qualities, and his theory of living is "not to be 'pure' from the body, but to identify it, in its utmost fairness, with the fair soul, by a gymnastic fused in music . . ." Of the Theory of Ideas we have said a word already; perhaps we may add that they are to Plato's world what the nymph, as representative of the spring or river, is to Greek conventional landscape. He carries a kind of passion into his philosophy, as writers like Samuel Rutherford carry it into their religion. The most original thing, and to the general reader the most agreeable, in Mr. Pater's book is his picture of Lacedæmon as an Athenian traveller might have seen it. The sketch is very unlike the Sparta of *Sandford and Merton*. Lacedæmon seems to have marched with the *Civitas Dei* on one side, with the Order of the Temple on a second, with Dahomey on the third. But Mr. Pater does not paint the shadows very deeply. This is a most interesting and attractive essay. The book closes with a kind of parallel between Sparta and the Republic of Plato, like Sparta conservative, musical, and military. Hence the austere character of Plato's aesthetics, an austerity which does mark the best and central Greek statues, temples, gems. The Platonic aim is to keep Greece, at better than its best, in accordance with the nature of things, and so permanent and secure. But nothing is permanent, nothing can be; variety, movement, must come in, and Greece, like Rome, like Feudalism, blossomed, decayed, and was not, except in its literature and art. This brief account of Mr. Pater's book perhaps reads as if he said very little that is new, little that is not known to "honours men." But he says it in his own way, besides saying a great deal, of course, which we cannot present in a rapid summary. He focusses the light on points which he thinks essential. The tendency of the book is on the side of "plain living and high thinking," and of "dry beauty," as Mr. Pater says. But

*Ναρθηκοφόροι μὲν πολλοί, Βάχχοι δὲ τε πάντες—*

many a young amateur of "culture" may try the book, only the more determined will persevere with it to the end. It is by no means one of the works which make the classics easy to the unclassical, not at all a volume of popular science, falsely so called; but, when once he has mastered it, the reader has a definite idea of Plato's aims, genius, and method.

EDMUND WALLER.\*

THE lover of Scharissa is to be congratulated on having at last found an editor of great industry and high competence. The thick volume before us forms part of the interesting series, called "The Muses' Library," published by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, and already containing good issues of Herrick, Marvell, and other writers. We have no hesitation, however, in saying that the present is the best edited, as it certainly is the most welcome, instalment of that series hitherto received. Other poets, for instance, if well presented to us here, may have been at least as well presented elsewhere, but Waller was absolutely inedited. Mr. Thorn Drury has done his work remarkably well. He is a model of painstaking accuracy, but he keeps, in his notes and his introduction alike, well on the literary side of pedantry. Waller was by no means an easy poet to edit, for errors abound in every previous account of him, and the remarkable fulness of the notes

\* *The Poems of Edmund Waller*. Edited by G. Thorn Drury. London: Lawrence & Bullen.



preserved concerning him is only equalled by the difficulty of deciding what in them is false and what is true. To his predecessors Mr. Drury has shown the liberality of silence. He is too careful a worker himself not to know how many dangers hem in the critic who depends on secondhand information, and he contents himself with stating the exact truth, without indulging in the cheap pleasure of railing at those who have made mistakes.

The writings of Waller, thus collected for the first time, prove more abundant than might have been supposed, and run to about seven thousand verses. The general level of these occasional pieces is not so high as for it to disappoint us very much that Mr. Drury, in spite of his access to the Waller MSS. at Farmington, has not been able to add very much to their mass. It is, however, matter for congratulation that, of the few poems which appear now for the first time in a collection of Waller's works, several are distinctly above his common level of merit. The new address to Sacharissa, "On her Coming to Town," for example, is really a valuable addition to the poet's repertory. These are charming stanzas:—

Fair Dorothea, sent from heaven  
To add more wonders to the seven,  
And glad each eye and ear,  
Crown of her sex, the Muse's port,  
The glory of our English Court,  
The brightness of our sphere.

To welcome her the Spring breathes forth  
Elysian sweets, March strews the earth  
With violets and posies;  
The sun renews his darting fires,  
April puts on her best attires,  
And May her crown of roses.

The canzonet "Upon a Lady's Fishing with an Angle," too, is not merely a piscatory poem which should in future adorn every anthology of the gentle art, but is an exercise in versification more ambitious than any other which Waller has attempted. This is, surely, a capital example of that suave amenity which the seventeenth century found of so charming a novelty in Waller's unenthusiastic verses:—

With how composed a look and cheerful air,  
(Calm as the stream and as the season fair)  
With careful eyes she views the dancing float,  
Longing to have it disappear,  
That she its head may higher rear,  
And make it swim 't the air above the moat;  
She sits as silent as the fish,  
Seems burdened with no other wish;

So well she's masked under this fair pretence,  
An infidel would swear she's made of perfect innocence.

Mr. Drury's memoir of Waller is of striking interest, and clears up the tangled web of the poet's intrigues in a very curious way. His most striking revision of matters of fact refers to the year of Waller's birth, which has been persistently misstated from the first. All the authorities give 1605 as the year, but Mr. Drury has examined the register, and finds that he was born on the 3rd of March, 1606. The date of his admission as a Fellow-Commoner of King's College, Cambridge, is also now discovered; it was March 22, 1620. Clarendon remarks that Waller was "nursed in Parliaments," but the difficulty that he was in the last Parliament of James I., as member for Amersham, in 1622, although we know that the right of that town was in abeyance until 1624, and that the borough was from that year represented by two other gentlemen, still seems to be insuperable. Mr. Drury states the crux, but attempts no solution. Yet it is clear that in 1624 Waller sat for Ilchester, being then but eighteen years of age, and we suggest that the old tradition of his sitting in Parliament at the age of sixteen is merely an error of two years. Amersham, too, may have been named as his first constituency, instead of Ilchester, by a misconception founded on the fact that he ultimately came to represent the former in successive Parliaments.

Waller's sensational marriage, too, which, according to Clarendon, caused him to be famous to a degree which he had not attained by his wit, nor his fine parts, nor his poetry, is now seen to have occurred, not in or about 1628, but on the 5th of July, 1631. The story of the suit brought against him by the Court of Aldermen is a very curious one, and may be compared with that of the prosecution of Donne and his friends for his clandestine marriage some twenty years earlier. Sentimental interest begins to collect around Waller, not when he formed this mercenary tie, which was broken by the death of his first wife in 1634, but when he began his famous series of addresses to Sacharissa. Mr. Drury believes that this took place rather later than has hitherto been supposed, and, indeed, not until the close of the year 1635. He minimizes the presence of Sacharissa in the work of Waller, and

suggests—a little rashly as it seems to us—that there is no authority for connecting with the name of that lady the lines "On a Girdle" and "Go, lovely Rose." Here, we think, the scepticism of modern criticism becomes rather excessive. There is, indeed, no authority where the only authority could be the designation of the verses "On a Girdle sent to Sacharissa," or "Go, lovely Rose, to Sacharissa." But, on the other hand, all tradition in the poet's own age attributed this entire series of love-poems to the passion excited by that lady, considered her name "eternized" by them, and did not question her right to their inspiration. A Niebuhr would, perhaps, go further, and question if Waller ever saw Sacharissa, or if a Sacharissa ever existed. But something must be left to common repute, and tradition in these matters is itself authority.

The incident of "Waller's Plot" is exceedingly knotty and obscure, but Mr. Drury makes it as lucid as possible in a careful statement, covering twenty pages. Waller lived twenty-one years after the Restoration, preserving to the last his equable judgment and the clearness of his intellect. We know not that, in the course of the many comments lately made on the longevity of Tennyson's poetical powers, and in particular on the phenomenon of his writing *The Silent Voices* on his death-bed, any one mentioned the strictly parallel case of the octogenarian Waller dictating at the very close of his life those stanzas, some of the noblest in his works, which describe how

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made,

marked in the Farmington MSS. as being "the last verses my dear father made." Although the poet is not very prominent to our eyes in any historical survey of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., he was a leading figure in social and Parliamentary life. Mr. Drury gives a curious picture of how "he was never weary of reminding the members of his long experiences in the House, or of quoting precedents to them; he even insisted on sitting on the steps, because 'steps had been seats and seats steps' in the Long Parliament." His attitude was that of the acknowledged "Father of the House," and he was never tired of repeating, "Let us look to our Government, Fleet, and Trade, 'tis the best advice the oldest Parliament man among you can give you, and so God bless you."

We are sorry that the novelty and fulness of Mr. Drury's biographical memoir seem to force him to some brevity in the critical section. So careful and serious a student of the poetry of the middle of the seventeenth century should have had something authoritative to say about the vexed question of Waller's versification. It is generally admitted that Mr. Gosse went too far in his repeated claim for Waller as the sole author of the revolution in favour of classical verse, of the correct and unbroken heroic distich. Mr. Drury insists, as other critics have done, that smooth and correct distichs were written before Waller's time, and he seems to think that, for instance, Dr. Henry Wood's citations from Sandys are quite enough to dispose of Waller's claim for ever. But this strikes us as being far too summary. If Sandys is to be quoted, we will go further back, and point out that Sir John Beaumont—and that even in his *Tobacco*, which dates from the sixteenth century itself—wrote rapid couplets, without enjambment, which might, for their correctness, have been adopted ninety years later, by Oldham at least, if not by Dryden. But that is not the question, nor is the author of a revolution in style to be ejected from his post in literary history because other people thought of rebelling, or could have rebelled, as they would, before him.

Of the claim of Sandys we think little; he was a contemporary and friend of Waller's, and, though his elder, may well have been his disciple. But even such a writer as Sir John Beaumont, who lived a generation earlier, and obviously had a natural and irresistible tendency to write in correct classical distich, as his *Bosworth Field* displays, is no real rival to Waller as an innovator. In these cases it is not enough to wish to do a new thing, nor even to set an example by doing it; force of will and persuasion of character are needed to push such a change through, to make it popular, and to keep it consistent. Just that persuasion and that force Waller possessed and Beaumont did not, nor is it enough to say that Sandys wrote smooth couplets, unless any evidence can be brought to show that the smoothness of Sandys's couplets attracted general attention, and fascinated other leading men into acquiescence with his theory. All contemporary evidence is quite in the other direction. No one was interested in Sandys's experiments; every one was interested in those of Waller; and therefore, while it was, of course, an exaggeration on Mr. Gosse's part to speak of the latter as though no one before him had written a single couplet without irregularity, it is none the less a fact that, when a very acute and discriminating critic

in the seventeenth century said that "Mr. Waller was indeed the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had numbers and beauty in it," he was not talking mere nonsense. Atterbury was not counting instances on his finger-tips; he was estimating the motive force of character.

What the eventual position of Waller among the English poets will be it is difficult to say. Mr. Drury's agreeable presentation of his writings accentuates our old impression of his grace, but leaves him dry, thin, and uninspired. Outside his three or four best-known pieces, he seems on a comparatively high level, but seldom rises above it. He never takes those celestial flights, as of an imaginative rocket, which irresistibly draw our attention to Crashaw or Lovelace or Vaughan. His new editor points out that to Waller is due the honour of having written the first poem on Tea in the English language. We turn to it, and, finding it short, we quote it entire:—

OF TEA, COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;  
Tea both excels, which She vouchsafes to praise.  
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe  
To that bold nation which the way did show  
To the fair region where the sun does rise,  
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.  
The Muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapours which the head invade,  
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,  
Fit on her birthday to salute the Queen.

This is ingenious, concentrated, and neat; but, even for complimentary verse, how cold, how unimaginative! To think of this as written by one who was alive with Shakespeare is difficult indeed; perhaps even more difficult still to think of it as written by a direct contemporary of Milton and Carew. But, on the other hand, how curiously and how completely it prophesies of the arid poetry of the middle of the eighteenth century! "Whose rich productions we so justly prize" seems to have come fresh from the mint of Paul Whitehead or Aaron Hill; and this anticipation of a hundred years is, after all, the really notable thing about the greater part of the poetry of Waller.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.\*

**B**ISHOP COPLESTON'S *Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and Ceylon* is an altogether excellent book. The reader will welcome with fresh delight the light touch and delicate humour of the *Oxford Spectator*; but he will be still more grateful for the method, which flows on in the easiest and most natural tenor possible, bringing in each topic just at the point where it is wanted, and therefore most intelligible. Most admirable of all is the tone of the book, which is exactly what that of a Christian missionary ought to be. The author's object is to give a clear and just conception of Southern Buddhism, as it is found at work at the present day in Ceylon. Hence he does not touch upon the singular developments of the Northern Buddhism of the Panjab, Nepal, and Tibet. This restriction is justified by the considerations that at the time when Mahinda, the son of King Asoka, introduced the faith into Ceylon (about 250 B.C.), Northern Buddhism had not come into existence, while after that date there appears to have been little or no connexion between Magadha and the great island of the South. Thus the thread we are to follow leads from Gotama (died probably 477 B.C.) to Asoka (250 B.C.), in whose time the sacred books begin to appear, and the first great Council, that of Patna—for Bishop Copleston casts grave doubts upon the two traditional earlier Councils—was held, and thence with Mahinda, the son of Asoka, to Ceylon. Buddhism seems to be singularly deficient in biographical interest. It has not fostered greatness of character. Excepting Gotama himself, there is only one name that sticks in the memory, that of King Asoka, and even of this great monarch,

\* *Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and in Ceylon.* By Reginald Stephen Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Colombo, President of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

*Memorials of James Chapman, D.D., First Bishop of Colombo.* With a Prefatory Letter from the Right Rev. Richard Durnford, Lord Bishop of Chichester. London: Skeffington & Son. 1892.

*Essays and Addresses.* By H. P. Liddon, D.D., &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

*Through Christ to God.* By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892.

*Revelation and the Bible.* By Robert F. Horton, M.A., formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

*Book by Book.* Popular Studies on the Canon of Scripture. By the Bishop of Ripon and other authors. London: Isbister & Co. 1892.

*The Book of Common Prayer from the Original Manuscript attached to the Act of Uniformity 1562.* London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

more famous in the East than Cæsar or Charlemagne in the West, we only possess a few splendid traits. He was a despot who had inherited the Imperial ambition of Alexander of Macedon, but fell under the spell of the gentle ascetics by whom he was surrounded, and became "an unselfish Napoleon with *mettam* (kindness) in the place of *gloire*" for his guiding star. Much of our knowledge of the earliest phase of Buddhism we owe to the engraved monuments which he set up all over his dominions. Buddhist monasticism seems to have been absolutely sterile, singularly unlike its Western counterpart. Another striking feature in the history of Buddhism is its lack of enthusiasm, at any rate after the first great onward impulse had spent its force. It is true that this impulse lasted for centuries, but Buddhism could not maintain its ground in India; in China and Japan it exists in a curious state of fusion with other creeds, and in Ceylon it has been kept alive only by repeated importations of monks from abroad. Latterly its failing energies have received a fillip from Western scepticism and Western credulity, from the interest taken by scholars in its ancient documents, and from silly theosophists, who want to learn how to work miracles. The reason of this apathy comes out very clearly in Bishop Copleston's pages. The ideal basis of Buddhism is an absolutely impossible thing. It is the most thoroughgoing pessimism ever invented, the last word of which is "cease to desire to be." Hence, it has scarcely any intellectual side; Gotama himself disparaged all intellectual pursuits, on the ground that they tend to make man happy and contented; and it has no sufficient moral impulse, for its object is essentially selfish—to get rid of sorrow by getting rid of existence. All this is impossible, except for a few peculiarly constituted minds. Hence, Buddhism inevitably breaks up into two very different things—Buddhism as it ought to be, and Buddhism as it is. Buddhism as it ought to be does not exist. "There are no Rahats now, nor have there been any for many centuries. In actual life no one is ever heard to profess that he has entered even the First Path, or to express a wish to do so." There are eight paths which must be traversed before freedom is attained, but there are no pilgrims now upon any of them, at any rate in Ceylon. For ordinary people there is no Nirvana, and no *iddhi*. There remains the transmigration of souls (if it is permissible to speak of souls), and as much of heaven and hell as is consistent with that doctrine. Here, too, comes creeping back the belief in some sort of a deity. Bishop Copleston has seen chalked on the walls of Colombo, "God bless our Lord Buddha." The Buddha has been nothing in the belief of his true disciples for more than two thousand years, and while he lived was infinitely superior to all the gods. But, absurd as it is in itself, this sentence shows the inevitable tendency of Buddhism either to evolve a deity of its own, or to drift back into alliance with the creeds by which it is surrounded. In Ceylon it is supplemented by devil-worship. How it lives and works among the people, what kind of morality it fosters, and in what sort of worship it expresses itself, the reader will learn for himself. Here is one picture of the *bana* reading of the sacred books:—"There are two readers who sit side by side. One reads the Pali original, and the other the Sinhalese commentary or translation. . . . Each word of Pali, as it is shouted by the one reader, is followed with lightning speed by its echo in Sinhalese from the other. 'Evam,' shouts the one; 'thus,' cries the other. 'Sutam,' cries the first, 'heard' shouts his companion; and so on all night. It is exactly like a race, and the hearers are delighted. Every word carries merit with it and amusement too."

Next after the work of Bishop Copleston we take up the *Memorials of Bishop Chapman*, the first Bishop of Colombo, and founder of many of the institutions of the See. The little volume contains a short biography with a few charges, addresses, and sermons. This modest record of a singularly pure and devoted life will be found interesting by old Etonians, as well as by those who have a special concern in the fortunes of the Church in Ceylon. The venerable Bishop of Chichester, who contributes the preface, is one of the few now living who can recollect that time when "the inmates of a workhouse or gaol were better fed and lodged than the scholars of Eton," and when to say his prayers in Long Chamber, as Chapman did, invested a boy with something of the dignity of a confessor. Yet those were the palmy days of the *Etonian*, that most remarkable of schoolboy periodicals.

Another book that comes at one point into touch with Bishop Copleston's work is the *Essays and Addresses* of Canon Liddon. It embraces three sets of papers on Buddhism, on St. Paul, and on the relation of Dante to the great Schoolmen. The Lectures on Buddhism were delivered in 1873, when our knowledge of this remarkable system was by no means so accurate or extensive as it is now. Some of the details of Gotama's life given by Canon Liddon would now be regarded as later accretions



upon the original story. But the contrast between Buddhism and Christianity as drawn by the great preacher remains substantially true. The account of the famous Schoolmen of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries introduces the names of Albert the Great, Aquinas, Bonaventure, Francis, Alexander of Hales, Roger Bacon, and Duns Scotus. The sketches are but slight, the object being to show how they did, or why they did not, influence the genius of Dante; but these slight sketches are instinct with life, and these masters of mediæval thought have suffered so grievously from ignorant contempt that it is a great thing when a man of note reminds the flippant modern world of its obligations to them.

Many good things may be said of Dr. Agar Beet's volume on *Systematic Theology, Through Christ to God*. It is learned, well-written, well arranged, and interesting. Dr. Agar Beet is a Wesleyan, and his book consists of lectures originally delivered to Wesleyan students, but this limitation in no way affects the soundness and value of his present work. The subjects embraced are Natural Theology, the Pauline doctrine, the definition of Christ's Person, and the Resurrection. Adequate treatment is given to each of these divisions, and everywhere the author displays much skill, both in exegesis and in doctrinal statement. A noticeable feature in the book is the way in which the argument is adjusted to meet our modern perplexities. Dr. Beet manages with great skill to interweave into the general theme a powerful apologetic argument, by constantly keeping in view the fact that in the New Testament we have various types of thought. These divergencies, he insists, must have had a common origin, and this can be no other than the actual teaching of our Lord. This is an important and much neglected topic. It has been customary to derive all Christian teaching through St. Paul, a most damaging error. The truth is that there are three distinct schools of thought, a three-fold clue, each thread leading back to the same centre. Even Dr. Beet hardly does full justice to this argument, because he is a little inclined to understate differences, and this weakens the inference from agreement. It is here, if anywhere, that his Wesleyan preoccupations reveal themselves. He looks a little askance at types of sanctity that are not exactly his own. It is true that St. Peter and St. James were in complete agreement with St. Paul touching the relation of the death of Christ to our salvation, but they would not have stated the relation of grace to morality in identical terms.

Mr. Horton's *Revelation and the Bible* is the work of an able and sincerely religious man. There is much that is good in it, yet it can hardly be called a satisfactory book. The author's object is to reassure those whose minds have been disquieted by recent speculations on Biblical criticism. The object involves, on the one hand, the conservation, and on the other the readjustment, of the historic faith on a vast number of important points. It is a task of the greatest nicety and responsibility, calling for wide knowledge, scrupulous caution, perfect accuracy of statement, and, in addition to these, a certain calmness and repose of temperament. These are the qualities by which every work of this kind must be judged, and, to speak quite frankly, the book under review seems to fall short of the mark on all these points. The plan itself is a dangerous one, for Mr. Horton undertakes to carry his readers through every book in the Bible. There must be serious gaps in so long a line. On the Old Testament Mr. Horton's argument is that, even if we accept in the block all Dr. Driver's conclusions, the revelation remains exactly the same. Revelation means knowledge of God and the soul imparted by the Holy Spirit. This knowledge is there, is a fact, and its reality is not in the least affected by questions of date and personality. There is truth in this; but all Hebraists are not as Dr. Driver, and Mr. Horton would have done well to bring out more firmly the rashness and uncertainty of much that has been written of late about the ancient Scriptures. Further, he applies to the heroes of Israel an ethical standard which leads to strange results. "The Brasidas and Nicias of Thucydides," he writes, "are not less but more moral than David." Yet he knows that these Greeks were one and all stained with unutterable vices. David was, at any rate, a man, and knew that he was a sinful man. On the New Testament Mr. Horton's work is marked by great blemishes. "It is Paul," he writes, "who, looking back upon the Cross, perceived the meaning of it, which they who actually saw it never more than surmised." If this means anything, it means that the other Apostles were not Christians until St. Paul explained to them what Christianity was. St. Paul himself tells us that St. Peter's view of the Lord's death did not differ from his own. Again, Mr. Horton informs his readers that St. Paul "never refers to any incident of the Gospel history except the supreme fact of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection." Yet, again, that St. Luke's Gospel represents the Ascension as taking place immediately after the Resurrection. Here he should

surely have remarked that the words that create the difficulty are conspicuous by their absence from the best texts. Mr. Horton seems occasionally to suggest difficulties that do not exist. He is more than half-inclined to find fault with St. Paul for forbidding women to prophesy in church, and for recommending Timothy to drink a little wine, and he finds "an almost overstrained subtlety" in the Apostle's way of speaking of the faith of Abraham. In fact, there appears to be, either in the author or in the peculiar class of readers whom he is addressing, a tinge of censoriousness which is really more destructive than anything critics have to say. The best part of the work upon the New Testament is that in which Mr. Horton dwells upon the testimony of experience—that is to say, though he does not use the phrase, the authority of the Church. But even this he gives away by his singular opinion of the relation between St. Paul and the other Apostles.

In *Book by Book* will be found a collection of papers, which originally appeared as introductions to the various books of Holy Scripture in the New Illustrated Bible, published by Messrs. Virtue & Co. The list of authors includes Dr. Salmon, Dr. Sanday, Dr. Maclear, the Bishops of Ripon and Worcester, the Dean of Gloucester, and other well-known scholars. The volume contains in cheap and convenient form a vast amount of information on all questions affecting the sacred canon, and should prove helpful to a wide circle of readers.

The Queen's Printers have issued a fine edition of the Prayer-Book of 1662, which ought to find ready appreciation. The volume is an exact reproduction, as far as the conditions of the printer's art will allow, of the MS. book appended as the authoritative record to the Act of Uniformity, and now in the custody of the House of Lords. The spelling and punctuation of the original have been conscientiously adhered to, and the differences of handwriting observable in the MS. have been brought out by differences of type. Finally the whole work has been verified, with the assistance of Mr. Reginald S. Faber, by minute comparison with the original MS. and the photographic copy of it made in 1891 by special permission of the House of Lords. Practically the book is a facsimile of the MS. The preface stimulates the reader's curiosity by informing him that he will notice many curious points throughout the work, some of which may seem to affect doctrine and ritual. We have gone through a great part of it, and observe no variation from current Prayer-books except in merely clerical matters. Other eyes may be sharper. In any case the volume is one of great interest.

Two handsome volumes (London: John Hodges. 1892) contain the *Hierurgica; or, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, by Dr. Rock, originally published in 1833, revised and re-edited by W. H. James Weale. The work gives the Ordinary of the Mass in Latin and English, with copious explanatory notes, and dissertations on the doctrine and ceremonies of the Eucharist, as understood and practised by the Church of Rome.

William Robertson, B.D., minister of the parish of Sprouston, was a genial, intelligent, and devout Scotch clergyman, who died at an early age, apparently in 1890. His *Essays and Sermons* (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons), a handful of papers on Browning, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and so on, with half-a-dozen sermons, reveal an active and sympathetic intelligence, from which, had it been permitted larger scope, much good work might have been expected.

The new volume of the reissue of Mr. Maurice's works (London: Macmillan & Co.) consists of the *Theological Essays*. It contains the final statement of the author's views on the most important points of the Creed—the Incarnation, Atonement, Justification, Inspiration, and Eternal Life.

A volume of *Sermon Outlines for the Clergy and Lay Preachers*, by the Rev. M. F. Sadler (London: George Bell & Sons), may be found useful, by some, at any rate, of those to whom it is addressed. The sketches are devout and suggestive, as is all Mr. Sadler's work. But they do not look as if they would lend themselves very easily to expansion. The heads and divisions seem hardly numerous and distinct enough to afford the requisite help to those whose ideas do not flow very freely. And the author rather scorns the aid of illustration and quotation.

Inspiration and Revelation are the subjects of Dr. Saphir's *Lectures on the Divine Unity of Scripture* (London: Hodder & Stoughton). The author was a Jewish Christian who preached in Kensington; where, precisely, the book does not inform us. The Lectures bear marks of reading and of reflection, and contain much good stuff side by side with certain oddities both of style and of substance. We have received, also, *Plain Words on Great Themes*, sermons by the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, M.A., D.D.—"Preachers of the Age" Series—(London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.); *Things to Come*, by the Rev. G. W. Allen and other members of the Christo-Theosophical Society (London: Elliot Stock); *Paganism Surviving in Christianity*, by A. H.

Lewis, B.D. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons); *The Letter and the Spirit*, by G. Trobridge (London: James Speirs); *Mind in Matter: an Argument on Theism*, by the Rev. J. Tait, third edition, revised and enlarged (London: Griffin & Co., Limited); and *The Biblical Illustrator*, containing the Second Epistle to Timothy and the Epistles to Titus and Philemon, by the Rev. J. S. Exell, M.A. (London: Nisbet & Co.)

#### HISTORIC TOWNS—YORK.\*

THE historic associations of York stretch over the whole period of the national existence. It is not an easy task to compress the records of twenty centuries into eleven score pages; yet this is what Canon Raine has attempted, and on the whole successfully. Under such circumstances only a bird's-eye view is possible, and those who know the subject best will regret with the author that the limitations imposed on the "Historic Towns" series have prevented any full treatment of the development of the municipality and the city. This is one of the few reservations that need be made in praising Canon Raine's soberly but brightly written introduction to the annals of York. Another is that here and there he has assumed a familiarity with some local matters which it would have been well, for the benefit of those at a distance, to explain. Thus "the manor" is more than once referred to without any indication of its character, and "the Bedern" is left in similar darkness.

The city of York first connects itself with the general history of the nation in the early Roman period, though there can be no great doubt that the Brigantes had a settlement there, and it is very probable that it was the capital of Queen Cartismandua. The victorious Romans under Petilius Cerealis and his successor, the famous Agricola, occupied York. It became a place of wealth and importance, strongly fortified, the home of emperors, and the real centre of the Roman power in Britain. Among the many antiquities found in York is a votive inscription by Demetrius, the scribe, who may be identified with the sage who visited Plutarch at Delphi when on his way from Britain. What would scholars give now to have the result of the investigations which this holy man, as Plutarch tells us, made into the religion of our barbarous or semi-barbarous ancestors, then just coming into contact with the strong and not too scrupulous, but still civilizing, power of Rome! Glimpses there are of Hadrian and Papinian, and the last words of Severus were uttered in York. There is a stoical sadness about the closing days of this ruler. He asked that the funeral urn which was to contain his ashes should be brought to him. "Thou shalt contain," he said, "what the whole world could not contain." The conqueror of Byzantium and Ctesiphon had his funeral pyre to the west of Eboracum on the eminence that still bears his name. Here, too, was cremated the body of Constantius Chlorus, and the very birthplace of Constantine the Great is pointed out, although modern investigators have robbed York of this distinction. After the departure of the Romans, York became the capital of Deira, as afterwards of the larger Northumbria, and there on Easter Day, 627, Eadwine and his nobles were baptized after their conversion to Christianity by Paulinus. Then followed troublous ages; but though "the rule of the early Angle and the Dane was marked by little except intrigue and slaughter," York retained a conspicuous position. One of its jarls was that gigantic Siward who disdained to die except in armour as befitted a great warrior. At his death the earldom was given by Edward the Confessor to Tostig, whose personality and conduct were alike unpopular. When Harold came to the kingdom, he endeavoured to gain the good will of the Northumbrians, and his efforts were aided by the saintly Wulfstan in an assembly at York. The battle of Stamford Bridge, where Tostig and his Danish ally, Harold Hardrada, were slain, was a great victory for Harold the Saxon; but even whilst the King was feasting in triumph there came the news of the landing of William in Sussex. The speculator on what might have been has abundant material for thinking as to the possible difference in the fate of this nation, if there had been more union and patriotism; if Eadwine and Morkere had moved more swiftly southward, or even if after the fight of Senlac they had been willing to give their aid to Eadgar. The insurrections against the power of the Norman Conqueror were revenged by him with relentless ferocity, and he celebrated the Christmas of 1069 in a country that had been ravaged and harried into a desert of desolation. York itself and its minster had been destroyed in the struggle. Yet the city recovered from the blow,

and had frequent visits from Royalty. William Rufus was a benefactor; Henry, Prince of Scotland, did homage to Stephen at York, and it was in that King's interest that Archbishop Thurstan organized the resistance to the Scotch which resulted in their defeat at the Battle of the Standard. By a judicious bribe, the citizens obtained from Stephen leave and license to destroy a castle erected at Wheldrake, doubtless for the exaction of black mail. The barons regarded the traders as their natural prey. At York Henry II. received the submission of William, King of the Scots. The Jews were early settled in York; and, in the great anti-Semitic movement at the end of the twelfth century, hundreds of them perished in the flames of the burning castle rather than fall into the hands of the enraged Christians, who were thirsting for their blood. John was a frequent visitor to York, and Henry III. was married there. The name of Edward I. has associations also with York, and there, in 1297, assembled "the fullest and largest body that had been gathered together in England" in the nature of a Parliament. For seven years the Royal courts of law were transferred to what was the Northern capital headquarters of the army for Scotland. These were the golden days of mediæval York. The weak and unlucky Edward II. was here with Gaveston in 1311, and hither he fled from the defeat of Bannockburn. The Scots were also victorious in the White Battle in 1319, and the King himself had a narrow escape from capture in 1322. Edward III. held a splendid Court here in 1327, when an alleged insult offered by mercenaries from Hainault to the women of the city led to a riot, in which some hundreds were slain. In the following January Edward, then but fifteen, was married in the Minster to Philippa of Hainault, who was even younger. The only Royal monument in York Cathedral marks the tomb of the little child who is known to history as William of Hatfield.

York continued to be frequently the real capital whilst the struggle with Scotland was in progress. Richard II. gave the corporation his own sword in 1389, and, later on, a silver mace and a cap of maintenance. At York Henry IV. received the submission of the Earl of Northumberland, who would see the head of his son Hotspur, slain at the Battle of Shrewsbury, placed above one of the gates. The rising of Archbishop Scrope in 1405 was put down by craft and revenged by cruelty. Scrope was executed as a traitor; but his tomb was regarded by the people as the shrine of a saint. Henry V. passed through York on a progress made whilst Agincourt was still a recent victory. The War of the Roses, of course, affected the city. The head of Richard of York, with a crown of grass twined round it, was stuck on one of the bars after his death at the Battle of Wakefield. From York Henry VI. and his Queen escaped in hot haste after the decisive Battle of Towton. Edward IV., from generosity or policy, took the city into favour, and it was to York that he made his way when, after fickle fortune had driven him into exile, he decided upon the successful attempt to regain the throne. Richard III. was a favourite in York, gave liberally to the Minster, and projected the establishment of a magnificent college and a hundred chaplains. Not without cause was "the grete hevynesse" of the city at the news of his death. Henry VII. was received by them with great ceremony and regaled with a present of the "maynbread" for which York was famous. In 1503 Sir John Gilliot, the Lord Mayor, clad in crimson satin, wearing a collar of gold, and bearing the mace, met the Princess Margaret on her way to meet her husband the King of Scotland, who was slain at Flodden ten years later. Henry VIII. was but once in York, and the city did not maintain its ancient importance. The Pilgrimage of Grace, in which Yorkshiremen took a large share, had been suppressed, and the King was offered "a goodly propoicion of submission"—a document which, as Canon Raine justly says, "no one can read in this day without a feeling of shame." York became the seat of the Council of the North, an institution which strengthened the Royal authority, and, whilst adding to the gains of the citizens, detracted from the importance of the Corporation. They accepted the situation, and in 1567, when the then President, Archbishop Young, was rejoicing over the birth of a son "legitimate by his espoused wife," the Lord Mayor was godfather and gave to the child, in the name of the city, a silver cup, double gilt, weighing 28 oz., and twenty old angels of gold, and duly remembered the "norie" and the midwife of the lucky youngster. In Elizabeth's time the Rising in the North was followed by a severe retribution, and the Earl of Northumberland was beheaded on the Pavement of York. James I. was loyally entreated by the citizens in 1603; and in 1617, when passing through the city again, inquired after the York delicacy of mainbread, and, finding that it was being pushed off the banquet-tables by spiced cakes, his Majesty "thereupon did straitly charge my lord maior that

\* *Historic Towns*. Edited by Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., and Rev. William Hunt, M.A. York. By James Raine, M.A., D.C.L., Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of York. London: Longmans & Co.



mayn bread should be baked, for his highness would not have so auncient a thing to discontinue." But his friendship to mainbrea<sup>1</sup> was as unavailing as his enmity to tobacco.

Charles I. had an intimate connexion with York, though on his first visit, in 1633, the elaborate pageantry was completely spoiled by a continuous downpour of rain. In 1641-2 the Court and the Royal press were at York, and the boy Duke of York, afterwards James II., was made a Knight of the Garter in a Chapter held there. The great meeting on Heworth Moor led the King to think that Yorkshire was with him. Yet the Royal standard was raised at Nottingham, and not at the old capital of the North. The Queen brought munitions of war from Holland, and York stood a brief siege, but was nearly captured by the Parliamentarians, when the news that Rupert was coming to the rescue led to the raising of the siege in order to meet him with greater advantage. When, on Marston Moor, the soldiers of the Ironside Cromwell and of the fiery Rupert met the result was disastrous to the Royal cause. The defenders of the city were allowed to march out with colours flying and drums beating, and so ended the siege of York. The Puritans had it all their own way in York; but the reaction came with the Restoration. Sir John Reresby, who was sent by James II. to govern the city, declared that it was "one of the most factious towns of the kingdom," apparently because the citizens wished to preserve their old rights and privileges. When the archbishopric was vacant there was a rumour that the King intended to appoint a Roman Catholic, the titular Bishop of Callipolis, to the post; but York took a share in the events which secured the crown for William of Orange. Such are some of the many points in which the local events of York unite with the main current of the national history. They are well brought out by Canon Raine, whose outline of the ecclesiastical and municipal history of York is satisfactory so far as it goes, though necessarily incomplete. One striking fact he mentions is, that whilst the County Hospital, together with the Dispensary, "is an indescribable boon to the city," yet it "does not possess so many beds for its patients by one half as were in use in St. Leonard's Hospital in the reign of Edward I." In our days York has grown into industrial importance as a centre of railway work, and has now a population nearly six times as large as in the middle ages. It is not likely, however, that it will rival Leeds, Sheffield, or Bradford in commercial importance. There is all the more reason that it should jealously preserve its antiquities, not only the glorious Minster, but all the relics that remain to testify to the busy life and changing fortunes of York since the remote days of the warlike Brigantes.

#### ROAD, TRACK, AND STABLE.\*

TO use a Turf idiom, which Mr. Merwin would readily forgive, it is always well for an author to "jump off" on good terms with his readers; and this book deserves many readers, if only for the opening chapter, "The Ethics of Horse-Keeping." Never has the whole duty of man to the horse been laid down more clearly and pleasantly; and, though man is led to expect a great deal more than he will ever get in return from the horse, not an item can be deducted from the duty. You are bound to treat him well and kindly, and very possibly, as here promised in the opening sentence, "he will further your business or pleasure to the best of his ability"; but he will almost surely not "repay you with affection," or even "greet you with a neigh of recognition," unless you happen to have carrots or other dainty in your hand; if you have, he will certainly exhibit some enthusiasm of welcome. But it is too much to say that "petting like this undoubtedly tends to render high-spirited horses safer and more tractable on the road than they would be otherwise." You may fill them with sugar and apples, but they will go on shying or stumbling, according to caprice or nature; indeed, as regards shying, Mr. Merwin admits as much in a few of the most sensible sentences which have ever been written on this often inexplicable habit. However, it may be true, as he says, that they know how to manage horses better in America than we do on this side of the water. In support of this claim, which is new to us, he cites the American expression "to gentle" against our English "to break" a colt. But, right or wrong, he is a man who loves and has studied horses; and if he is something more "than to their virtues ever kind," and "to their faults extremely blind," who shall blame him? He is, in fact, what we suppose he himself would describe as a *thorough horseman*—a word which in his vocabulary appears, besides its usually accepted meaning, to stand for horse-lover, horse-owner, horsey-man, and horse-dealer.

"Trotting, like baseball, is a national sport," says Mr. Merwin—

"national in the sense not only that it is popular among us, but that it was created by us." So, as a matter of course, the most notable chapters of his book are those devoted to Trotting Families, Trotting Horses, and Trotting Races—all well written and worked out—amongst the Families the Justin Morgan ranking highest in the author's estimation, "a Morgan horse" being, he declares, words to conjure with in the States. The stories of trotting horses, especially those about Razus, are so wonderful, and so capably told, that one is quite inclined to believe them. We wish, though, it was possible to believe that, after years of separation from her attendant "Old Charlie," the mare Goldsmith Maid, who had turned savage in her old age, and was dangerous to approach in the paddock, at once recognized and received him with every mark of affection. Horses will bear a grudge for ever, their gratitude is most evanescent; but perhaps "Old Charlie" was a negro, and negroes do, in some mysterious way, seem more than white men to impress their individuality on the equine memory. Dating the commencement of trotting as a sport at the year 1824, the mile record has since then been reduced from 2 m. 40 sec. to 2 m. 8½ sec., and this great advance Mr. Merwin attributes, not to natural increase in horses' speed as the result of breeding and training, but to improvement in shape and construction of the tracks, to the invention of sulkies (the modern match-cart), to mechanical appliances for feet and legs—the shoeing of trotters being a most intricate science—to better harness, and "particularly to the device of the over-draw check," a term which we are not sufficiently versed in the American language to interpret with authority, but suppose to mean some form of bearing-rein; while the last factor in the development of the trotting-horse is declared to be the driver, on whom a long and rather abstruse disquisition is given, the gist of which is that, whereas in running-races—i.e. races under saddle—boys must be frequently employed, in trotting-races, where the standard weight is 10 st. 10 lb., the jockeys are always men, who have better hands and better heads than boys—though of their honesty the less said the better; for it is well known that the system of running in heats invariably practised in these contests, where the race is usually "best three in five," lends itself most easily to fraud.

The author's notions about saddle-horses, good enough in their way, must be read with the constant recollection that he is speaking only of hacks—hunters are practically outside the purview of an American writer. Were Mr. Merwin a hunting man he would not lay so much stress on short cannon-bones, nor would he state in such dogmatic fashion that "a good saddle-horse, like a good horse for any other purpose, should be well ribbed up," for, with his trained powers of observation in all that regards the noble animal, he would long ago have discovered that the really active quick jumper is almost always more or less long in the cannon-bone, and that a well-ribbed-up horse rarely stays either on the flat or over a country—indeed, he does know enough about the latter peculiarity to quote Emblem as having no middle-piece, and yet being a great stayer, but he evidently regards her rather as the exception than the rule. In one particular this book is, as far as our experience goes, unique. A whole chapter is devoted to fire-horses—that is to say, the horses which draw the fire-engines in the great cities of the States. Here, again, we are given many wonderful instances of the docility and the intelligence which result from American care and patience in "gentling" and gradually accustoming these animals to their work till they arrive at such a pitch of education that they will almost harness themselves when the alarm sounds. Mr. Merwin, being what he himself calls somewhat of an Arabo-maniac, in the course of one of the best short treatises which has been published on the Arabian horse, indicates that he has much sympathy with an idea now prevalent, that it would be advisable to recommence breeding from Arabs—in fact, to begin all over again—in order to renovate the constitutions and limbs of our horses.

Unfortunately, we are always told at the same time that pure Arabians of the Nedjee strain, which alone is pure, are not to be obtained—a fact which our personal observation of Arabians would tend to confirm, if, as here stated, one of the distinctive points of the Nedjee horse is the "slope of the shoulder." It has already been said that we are prepared to accept Mr. Merwin's anecdotes in good faith, but admitting that the Arab may take naturally to jumping, a reader may well be pardoned if he baulks a little at the following:—

"One of the mares brought home by Mr. Blunt was let loose in his park on the night of her arrival, and forthwith she jumped the fence, 5 ft. 6 in. high. The lower rails were then pulled down, and she was walked back under the top one, a thick open bar several inches higher than her withers!"

This, we should imagine, was not one of the animals which Mr.

\* *Road, Track, and Stable.* By H. C. Merwin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

and Lady Anne Blunt rode at Newmarket that year when the Children of the Desert made their lamentable exhibition at the back of the Ditch.

The last chapter, on the "Care of Horses," is a neat little summary of stable-management, though not containing much that is new; indeed, Mr. Merwin admits that Major Fisher's *Thorough Stable and Saddle-room* has left little or nothing more to be said on the subject.

#### HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.\*

FOLLOWING to some extent the examples set by Bishop Stubbs and Mr. S. R. Gardiner in their well-known volumes of constitutional documents illustrative of English history, Mr. Henderson has compiled a selection of documents bearing on European history generally during the middle ages. The field from which he has culled his flowers is so wide, and his basket so small in comparison, that he is, so he tells his readers, prepared to have his choice "relentlessly criticized." We can appreciate the difficulty of making such a selection as his too well to be "relentless" in our criticism, and shall simply observe that, though he has in most cases chosen wisely, we should here and there have chosen differently. For example, in his first "book," which is devoted to English history, we should have hesitated to give the whole of the "Dialogue concerning the Exchequer" and the "Manner of holding Parliament" to the exclusion of the "Assize of Arms" and the "Confirmation of the Charters." Again, under the heading either of "England" or of "Church and State" we should have included the writ "Circumspecte agatis" and the Statute of *Præmunire*, while we should not have appended to the documents Liudprand's account of his embassy to Constantinople, which is decidedly foreign in character to the rest of the contents of the volume. Nor can we understand why no document appears relating to the history of France after the treaty of 870. Mr. Henderson's book is intended for students who are "not specialists," and he has, therefore, translated his documents into English. It is rather hard to imagine the exact position of a person who wants the entire text, say, of the Golden Bull of Charles IV., and at the same time has no more thorough acquaintance with the sources of mediæval history than can co-exist with ignorance of Latin. And we must disagree with the opinion expressed in the preface that a student who understands Latin, and wants to use a document, would prefer to have it in an English translation. Setting aside, however, the question whether these documents are wanted in English, we think that there can be no doubt that Mr. Henderson has on the whole done his translation satisfactorily. Though he has not had to wrestle with many obscure passages, it must have often been very difficult to represent the exact sense of the Latin originals in clear and concise English. This, we think, he has done. One or two small matters might be amended. We have no strong feelings as to the use of the term "Anglo-Saxons," but we certainly disapprove of its employment as a translation of "Anglici" in the *Dialogus de Scaccario*, and we cannot allow that "count" is the proper rendering of "comes" in the description of a possessor of an English earldom. "Robert Count of Leicester" is not a form to be commended, and we cannot see why in the Constitutions of Clarendon "Hugo Count of Chester" should alone among his fellow-earls have his Christian name untranslated. Strangest of all is the appearance in the same list of a "William Count of Ferrara"; but here, of course, there must be a misprint, for the lord whose identity is thus veiled is William, Earl of Derby and Ferrars. At the beginning of each "book" Mr. Henderson gives a series of short notes explanatory of the documents that it contains. These notes are, so far as they go, generally satisfactory, though we do not consider that "feebly" is an appropriate description of King John of England; he was anything but that. Besides the two treatises that we have already named, nine documents are given relating to English mediæval history. The next book is allotted to the Empire, which is represented by eleven documents, and the third to the Church, which has nine, including the Rule of St. Benedict, the pretended Donation of Constantine, and the Rule of St. Francis. The last division of the volume, headed "Church and State," is almost wholly occupied with documents illustrating the War of Investitures, and the quarrel of Frederick Barbarossa with Hadrian IV. and Alexander III. It ends with John's acknowledgment of the papal sovereignty, the bulls "Clericis Laicos" and "Unam Sanctam" of Boniface VIII., and the law called "Licet Juris" by which, in 1328, the Diet at Frankfurt declared the Imperial power to be independent of the Apostolic See.

\* *Bohn's Antiquarian Library—Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages.* Translated and Edited by Ernest F. Henderson, A.B. (Trin. Coll., Conn.), A.M. (Harvard), Ph.D. (Berlin). London: George Bell & Sons.

#### WAGNER'S APOLOGIA.\*

THIS volume is the first instalment of a complete English version of Wagner's prose writings. The undertaking is a proof of great devotion on the part of the translator, but it is hardly warranted by the intrinsic value of the matter. There is, indeed, a manifest absurdity in exalting Wagner, as an author, above the chief glories of literary Germany—above her greatest poets, philosophers, and historians, who have never been found worthy of complete presentation in an English dress. Are we to hold the crumbs from his table, so to speak, of more importance than the full boards of Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Lessing, Ranke, and a dozen others? Are his spare moments more worth than their working hours? For that is what it amounts to. Surely the most adoring disciples of "the Meister" must admit that this is rather overdoing the thing. Mr. Ellis himself only claims openly for his author that "as a philosopher and æsthetician he is a thinker to be taken seriously." Well, is he not taken seriously—ye Gods how seriously!—as it is, without throwing at the British public all the self-pity and self-adulation, all the splanetic railing of which he was guilty during his exceptionally noisy struggle for existence, as if they were pearls of wisdom too precious to remain in the obscurity of their original setting? It was just Wagner's attitude of loud and exaggerated self-esteem which irritated his contemporaries into active hostility, and to continue it now on his behalf is merely to perpetuate opposition. Enthusiasts would be wiser to rest content with *Gesammelte Schriften*, and not to turn them into "Complete Works." A couple of volumes of selections would amply suffice for the legitimate edification of those who wish to study him, and cannot read German. That, indeed, will probably be the general verdict on this first volume, which really contains a sufficiently complete epitome of the man, his life, his theories, his actual and spiritual strivings, set forth in some four hundred pages of such extreme toughness, for the most part, that few readers will be found, in this age of tit-bits and everything-made-easy, robust enough to work honestly through them, and then ask for more. You may love your Tristan and your Siegfried, you may even revel in Wotan and Gurnemanz; but at "Art and Revolution" and "The Art-work of the Future" a healthy digestion cannot choose but wince. A mistiness more bewildering than Emerson's, an obscurity deeper than Hegel's, and a confusion unknown to either, expressed in language more lavishly rhetorical than Ruskin, more unconventional than Carlyle, with less sense of humour than Martin Tupper might claim—such are the characteristics of Wagner's philosophical prose, regarded as literature from a perfectly impartial standpoint. A little of it goes a long way, and we are afraid that, on the whole, it is more likely to give opportunities to the scoffer than arguments to the devotee.

And yet that larger and wiser public which is neither the one nor the other, if it were to read this present volume—an unlikely supposition—would find in it an interesting study. Besides the two essays on Art mentioned above, it contains the "Autobiographic Sketch" and "A Communication to my Friends," together with some minor writings. The reader who has courage enough to go resolutely through with it will gain, once for all, a clear conception of a unique personality, drawn half-consciously and half-unconsciously by the man himself. The mixture of autobiography and art-theorizing enables us to see how the sordid details of existence, pressing on a creature who was at the same time wonderfully gifted, intolerably ambitious, and a mere bundle of nerves, drove him to intellectual revolt against the present, and to wild dreams of the future, based on smatterings of philosophy and history; how the theories so evolved reacted on his art, and the latter again influenced his theory. Wagner's philosophy arose from the necessity he felt of explaining to himself and all the world his early failures, especially in Paris. This it was that made him a writer. His prose writings are the *apologia* for his life. He offered the public his music, and the public preferred something else. He tried again, and sank lower and lower. "I declared my willingness to concoct the music for a slangy *vaudeville* at a Boulevard theatre." That, too, failed him, and he came to arranging melodies from "favourite" operas for the cornet-à-pistons. Many men would have been crushed, but Wagner revolted. He told himself that the music which was preferred to his, and the taste that preferred it, must be wrong, and that he had better stuff in him than any of them. Others have felt the same, and have gone doggedly to work to realize themselves. But this was not enough for Wagner. He could not keep the consciousness of his superiority to himself until his works spoke for him; he must cry it aloud to all the world, and prove it by *a + b*. Hence his philosophical plungings after a

\* *Richard Wagner's Prose Works.* Translated by William Ashton Ellis. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited.



logical basis on which to rest the proof that the world was out of joint, that everything and everybody connected with art were sunk in a miry slough, from which deliverance could only come through the divine light revealed by—Richard Wagner. The opera—for opera was his aim all the time—was an exotic, the plaything of the aristocracy; therefore we must hark back to mother Nature and to primitive man, we must appeal to “the Folk,” and take our material from the same great source. This train of thought led him presently to his legendary subjects, and helped him to justify the choice. But the critics fell foul of his theories and of his practice, which did not agree with them. So he must start up again, pen in hand, to explain and to argue and to prove himself right. He must be for ever and ever talking about himself; he could not put out his real work without telling everybody how wonderful it was. That, and nothing else, is the meaning of his prose writings. They are the justification, the *apologia*, one may say the advertisement, of his operas. But does good wine—and some of his was more than good—need such a very large bush?

The chief impression left on the thoughtful reader's mind is the monumental egotism of the man. No doubt the quality was necessary in order to win through such a splendid struggle as his. Other men who have done likewise have had perhaps an equal self-belief; but no one has laid it so utterly bare before the world. Wagner broke the record for egotism. Cellini and Rousseau were children to him. Alexander and Napoleon may have dreamed of ruling the world; but he claimed to dominate the whole empire of human thought, past, present, and to come. Art, according to him, is the highest, the only important, achievement of the human mind; and all art since ancient Greece is wrong, except that of which he was the sole author and exponent, the “art-work of the future.” Shakspeare and Beethoven did well in their way; but it was necessarily a lame business compared with his. We need not follow him through the argument on which he bases this modest proposition, because he subsequently, and with perfect truth, characterized it as “a kind of impassioned tangle of ideas”; but we may remark that those who insist on the distinction between the “music of the future” and the “art-work of the future” do Wagner no service. For the former something may be said; for the latter nothing. A single quotation will suffice to show the reckless nonsense to which he was led by his theory about the arts only reaching perfection in union. Of architecture he says that, after Greece, it fell into utter decay:—

‘The most lavish of the monuments which she (architecture) was forced to rear to the glory of the colossal egoism of later times—aye, even of that of the Christian faith—seem, when set beside the lofty simplicity and pregnant meaning of Grecian buildings at the flowering time of Tragedy, like the rank luxuriant parasites of some midnight dream, against the radiant progeny of the cleansing all-enlivening light of day.’

And architecture was to regain her lost status in the Wagnerian theatre. Think of the irony of it; the “colossal egoism” of the mediæval church-builders and the “lofty simplicity” of Richard Wagner; Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey the “rank luxuriant parasites,” &c., Bayreuth the “radiant progeny,” &c. The same ironical contrast between the theory and the fulfilment can be traced point by point. Art was to be rescued from egotism—by the most egotistic artist of them all. It was to be the spontaneous outcome of inward necessity; and it actually was the result of a more deliberate, arbitrary external choice than ever before. It was to scorn aristocratic cliques or artist-castes, and appeal to “the Folk”; and it became the plaything of a spendthrift king, the pet hobby of a superior cult. It was to be understood and appreciated by the masses; and it requires volumes of explanatory comment for comprehension by the few. It was to be within the reach of all; and it is a guinea a seat. Its essence was to be the union of all the arts, and it has won its way mainly through the concert-room, as music pure and simple.

To tell the truth, Wagner's prose writings represent the weakest side of a great man, whose real work all the world prizes; and it would be wiser to leave them in the appropriate obscurity of their original tongue. But if the evil of translation must needs be, it could not be in better hands. Mr. Ellis has done his work with great pains and faithfulness, and the fault is not his if very little of the book is English.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**M. DE VOGÜÉ'S** (1) last volume of essays contains, as is usual with his books, a series of studies which are more or less of the character of reviews. The last, indeed, “L'heure

(1) *Heures d'histoire*. Par le Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

présente” is a meditation prompted by the explosion of the Panama scandal, and not directly “pegged” or hung on any book; but the others are simple and sometimes rather ephemeral articles suggested by books of the day, and a very recent day. M. de Vogüé is a writer correct as becomes an Academician, and intelligent as becomes a person of quality in life and letters; but we do not know that we can discover in him excellences of the very first degree. When he touches politics, there is in him that curious unheroic despair which has characterized the French noblesse ever since the emigration. When he touches literature, he either is apt to skim, as in “Les cigognes,” a dozen authors without properly sounding any, or to say, as in his papers on Lamartine and Chateaubriand, things quite proper to be said, but not very inspiring or judicial, or to saunter pleasantly round great subjects, as in “Images romaines” and “Le testament de Silvanus,” or to serve up a very decent hash of the book on hand, as in the articles on M. Thureau-Dangin and on Hyde de Neville's Memoirs, or to be calm and reasonable where others have not been so, as in the paper on *La Débâcle*, or mildly protesting, as in “Après M. Renan.” In all these performances it is impossible to refuse M. de Vogüé a success of esteem; one derives an idea from him here and there; one sees a mild light of reason shed over most of his subjects. But one thinks also of those famous words of M. de Voltaire to the actress, “C'est le diable au corps qu'il faut avoir.” Devil of logic, devil of enthusiasm, both if possible; but some *diable au corps* the critic must have. We do not quite perceive this diabolic or divine influence in M. de Vogüé.

There is a certain class of books which must take the consequences of the manner of their presentation. The presenter of a *Carnet de jeunesse* (2) supposed to have been written sixty years ago, and exchanged with a student friend by Prince Bismarck, who signs himself with three stars, who says that the *carnet* was given to a “Comte de Sch\*\*\*,” that it was lent to himself, “sous la promesse formelle de n'en point abuser,” three years ago; who admits with charming frankness that he at once copied it; who informs us that the original has since been destroyed by the family of “Sch\*\*\*,” and that he fulfils his promise by publishing his copy, may at least be said to play cards on table. If we choose to believe him we may, just as we may take a promissory note to pay when the cows come home, or a first mortgage on a castle in the air. As for the contents of the volume, we shall not, as literary critics, say that it is impossible, on internal evidence, that they should be genuine. We shall say that on internal evidence there is no more reason for ascribing them to Prince Bismarck, or to the year 1835, than to any tolerably intelligent hack writer in the year 1893. They are exactly of the Wardour Street-La Rochefoucauld type which comes from the Paris press—ascribed to queens and countesses, to abbés and anonymes—at pretty regular intervals. And, as we make it a rule not to take seriously anything which, without serious credentials, presents itself as the work of a living person, we shall say nothing more about them.

M. Sauvin's volume on Hawaii (3) presents itself opportunely at the present moment. It begins somewhat globe-trottingly, but soon settles down to a businesslike and meritorious account of the history, constitution, and present state of the Sandwich Islands. The book is by no means bad in itself; it is positively valuable as showing, on the testimony of a witness certainly not prejudiced in favour of England, how very little business the United States have with the archipelago.

The volume of poems which Mme. de Gasparin has published under the title of *El soñador* (4) has several attractions for other dreamers. It has a frontispiece representing that face which, whether it is Beatrice Cenci's or not, is one of the first counterfeit presentments that a fastidious judge of beauty would admit at once and without hesitation to his seraglio of icons. It has an interesting letter reproduced from a newspaper of the time describing the irruption of that hapless army of Bourbaki's into Switzerland. And it has a not excessive amount of verse, breathing throughout the high idealism of the author and couched in a form which is no vulgar one.

“Gyp” has done much work which is more amusing than the story that names and all but fills her last volume (5); she has done nothing of more pathos, and little, we think, of more power. “Tante Joujou” is the younger of two sisters. She loves a *viveur* who is on the range, but he thinks her too young and too devoid of *principes*, and prefers her demurer elder sister. The elder sister after marriage turns out no better than she

(2) *Carnet de jeunesse*. Par le Prince de Bismarck. Paris: Flammarion.

(3) *Un royaume Polynésien—Les îles Hawaï*. Par G. Sauvin. Paris: Plon.

(4) *El soñador*. Par l'Auteur des “Horizons prochains.” Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Tante Joujou*. Par “Gyp.” Paris: Calmann Lévy.

should be, and after some years the brother-in-law comes to the knowledge of his sister-in-law's worth, and, being divorced, seeks to marry her. But "Le Joujou," as her pet name goes, is a staunch Catholic; and, though her religion frowns not on a man who marries two sisters, it does frown on the marriage of the divorced. She is immovable, but sacrifices herself to her brother-in-law's happiness in another way which will horrify Mrs. Grundy. Alas! the sacrifice is useless, the idol being too worthless, and so the poor "Joujou" dies; "il s'est cassé par ce qu'il avait des principes." A charming and melancholy story, expressing, not for the first or hundredth time, the opinion of Frenchwomen that it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a Frenchman to be a gentleman. Yet there is a gentleman in the story—one Antoine de Louvain.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE least speculative of men cannot resist the insidious appeal of Egypt to the imagination. One of the many fascinating problems of that land is the subject of a very interesting monograph by Major R. H. Brown, R.E.—*The Fayûm and Lake Mœris* (Stanford)—in which the author, accepting the generally received conclusion that the ancient Mœris was in the Fayûm, treats of the probable site of the lake, its form and limits. The results of his research, conducted on the spot with exhaustive thoroughness, agree in the main with the conclusions of Mr. Flinders Petrie and not with the much-discussed theory of M. Linant de Bellefonds. Major Brown tells us that his original object in studying the Fayûm province was to draw up a technical description of present-day irrigation for the use of his brother officers; but he speedily discovered how irresistible was the appeal of the historic past. The mystery of Mœris was not to be withstood. Thus his work has taken the form of a history of the Fayûm, composed of an account of the district before the Nile-fed lake had become Mœris, its history while it was Lake Mœris, and during its gradual transformation to the conditions of to-day. The book is beautifully illustrated by photographs, maps, and other drawings of a technical kind.

Most readers of Mr. Charles Edward Turner's translation of *Recollections of Count Tolstoy*, by C. A. Behrs (Heinemann), will, we fear, suffer some disappointment from the discreet and not uninteresting account of a celebrity which an admiring, yet by no means Boswellian, relative has put forth to a curious world. The author gives, indeed, a suggestive sketch of Count Tolstoy as he was before he had "a creed," and as he afterwards was when he held that creed. According to the latter and present state, it seems that it is of the Socialistic faith, as the Tolstoists should profess it, not to suffer a physician gladly. The Count, we are told, had injured his foot on a certain occasion, and a surgeon was called in by the Countess when the patient had become delirious with pain. The inoffending leech was rudely informed by the Count that he had visited him only in the hope of getting a good fee, whereupon the surgeon mildly observed of this boorishness that he wondered that one who preached the rule of love should himself violate it. "The foundation of his creed," says the author, "is the Gospel law of love to our neighbours." It is scarcely strange that the disciples should, as he hints, in some matters misapprehend the master and his "system."

In the new volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine Library* (Elliot Stock), edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., the "English Topography" of the magazine is further illustrated by contributions relating to the counties of Derby, Devon, and Dorsetshire. The contents of this book are full of interesting matter. Among the strange subjects noted by the editor is the record of a collection by brief in a Dorsetshire church in 1673 "for the Theatre Royal in London being burnt." When Mr. Gomme writes of London place-names as repeated in Devonshire four times we suppose he includes the mis-spelt "Islington," which should be Ilington, of this volume. The original misprints and errors are, of course, given. Thus in the "Three Days Excursion on Dartmoor," 1796, the furze is called *Genista spinosa*, and *Ulnus* appears for *Ulmus*.

In Miss Yonge's *An Old Woman's Outlook in a Hampshire Village* (Macmillan & Co.) there are some pretty observations on wild flowers and rural life, yet this Selbornian chronicle of the months is scarcely distinguished by the accuracy we should look for in the follower of Gilbert White in these days of popular science. The example given, at p. 36, of "what is called the lavish waste of nature"—the mezzereon, with its many flowers and few berries—is rather an instance of a wise parsimony, protective of the vigour of the plant. Miss Yonge remarks, of the winter 1890-91,

"the air, being still and clear, felt far less cold than it often does when the thermometer is lower." If the reverse of this is not meant, the sentence is absurd. It is strange, too, that the daily meteorological charts should seem to be unknown to this diligent recorder of natural sights and sounds. They would be found entirely contrary to the theory that the great snow-storm of March 1891 reached Hampshire in "a comparatively exhausted state." The course and development of that storm made this impossible. The explanation (p. 279) of the word "missel," applied to the missel-thrush, is not merely unsatisfactory, as the author observes, but palpably ridiculous. And surely the laurel that "crowned the classic victor" was not *Ruscus racemosus*, as suggested (p. 8), but the sweet bay (*Laurus nobilis*).

Mr. W. J. Gordon's handy guide, *Our Country's Birds, and How to Know Them* (Day & Sons), is projected on lines that are similar to those of the author's capital little elementary guide, *Our Country's Flowers*. The chief aim of the author is to enable the young student to identify birds at sight, and his methods of tabulating proportions, &c., are as ingenious as the scheme of his little botanical handbook. Nearly four hundred birds are figured in the coloured plates—somewhat crude in colour at times and oddly arranged they are—with clear references to all in the chapter on "Species," the descriptions of which appear to be both simple and accurate, and are certainly explicit.

The sketches of New England country life in *Young Lucretia; and other Stories*, by Mary E. Wilkins (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), are full of homely pathos and truth, and vividly presented, on the whole, despite the decided sameness of subject common to the series of stories. Indeed, these new versions of the Little Boy Lost and the Little Girl Found, and other domestic episodes, are charmingly told.

We have to note the fourth edition, revised, of Dr. Henry Charles Lea's *Superstition and Force* (Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co.)—Essays on the Wagers of Law and of Battle, the Ordeal, and Torture—a work as remarkable for the wealth of historical material treated as for the masterly style of the exposition.

From Chatto & Windus we have a convenient and well-printed edition of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, in four volumes, with a preface by Mr. Walter Besant.

Among other new editions we have Dr. Todd's *Parliamentary Government in England* (Sampson Low & Co.), revised and abridged by Mr. Spencer Walpole, in two volumes; *The Foregleams of Christianity*, by Charles Newton Scott (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *A History of Modern Europe*, by C. A. Fyffe, three volumes, with maps and illustrations (Cassell & Co.); *Rob Roy*, "Dryburgh" edition of the *Waverley Novels*, illustrated by Lockhart Boyle (A. & C. Black); the fifth edition of *A Famous Fox-hunter* (Sampson Low & Co.), being reminiscences of Thomas Assheton Smith, by Sir John E. Eardley-Wilmot, Bart., with portrait and illustrations; *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, by Mark Rutherford (Fisher Unwin); and *David Copperfield*, a reprint of the first edition, with the illustrations, and introduction by Charles Dickens the younger (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received *The Theory and Practice of Absolute Measurements in Electricity and Galvanism*, by Andrew Gray, M.A., Vol. II. (Macmillan & Co.); *The Recrudescence of Leprosy and its Causation*, a popular treatise, by William Tebb (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Elementary Physiology for Students*, by Alfred T. Schofield, M.D. (Cassell & Co.); *The Mechanics of Daily Life*, by V. Perronet Sells, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); *The A.B.C. of Foreign Exchanges*, a Practical Guide, by George Clare (Macmillan & Co.); *The Church in the Netherlands*, by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A. (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Introduction to Modern Geometry of Point, Ray and Circle*, by William Benjamin Smith (Macmillan & Co.); *A Short Historical English Grammar*, by Henry Sweet, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *Mineral Resources of the United States*, Vol. VI., by David T. Day, U.S. Geological Survey, Washington; *Switzerland*, a series of narratives of personal visits, &c. (Cambridge, Mass.: Griswold); *Biographies of Eminent Persons, 1876-1881*, reprinted from the *Times* (Macmillan & Co.); *The Canadian Guide-Book*, Part II., by Ernest Ingersoll (Heinemann); *The Health Officer's Pocket-Book*, a Guide to Sanitary Practice and Law, by Edward F. Willoughby, M.D. (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *Irrigated India*, by the Hon. Alfred Deakin, an Australian View of India and Ceylon Irrigation and Agriculture (Thacker & Co.); *The Teacher's Companion to Macmillan's French Composition*, second course, by G. Eugène Fasnacht; *Introduction to English Grammar and Analysis*, by Francis Bond, M.A. (Arnold); *Selections from Ovid*, by M. F. J. Brackenbury, M.A. (Percival & Co.); *Elementary Latin Grammar*, by H. J. Tobey, M.A., and A. S. Wilkins, Litt.D. (Macmillan & Co.); Cicero's *Oration, Pro Lege Manilia*, edited with notes by the Rev. J. Hunter Smith, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Astronomy for Every-*



*Day Readers*, by B. J. Hopkins, F.R.A.S. (Philip & Son); *The Dream of an Englishman*, by Arthur Bennett (Simpkin & Co.); *The Germ Growers*, edited by Robert Potter, M.A. (Hutchinson & Co.); *Dandy Dick*, a farce, by A. W. Pinero (Heinemann); *The Crusaders*, an original comedy, by Henry Arthur Jones (Macmillan & Co.); *English Education in Elementary and Secondary Schools*, by Isaac Sharpless (Arnold); *Eolus*, by Jeanie Morison (Blackwood & Sons); *Valeria; and other Poems*, by Harriet Monroe (Chicago: McClurg & Co.); *By Fits and Starts*, by John Morris-Moore (Ward & Downey); *Tannhäuser*, by Ralph Macleod Fullarton (Blackwood & Sons); *Browning and Whitman*, by Oscar L. Triggs (Sonnenschein & Co.); *The Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, Vol. XIV., comprising *Report of the Conifer Conference*, and Professor Carl Hansen's *Pinetum Danicum* (Spottiswoode & Co.); and the *Rochester Diocesan Directory for 1893* (Wells Gardner & Co.)

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